

ANDOVER FLYING DISASTER: 5 R.A.F. MEN KILLED

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

IMMORTAL LOVE STORY: MISS DORIS KEANE AS JULIET



8716022

Juliet laid out in her wedding dress after her tragic doom had gathered her in its grasp.

HUNS' PEACE BLUFF: BERLIN BROUGHT TO HEEL.



Landsberg.



Giesberts.



Leinert.



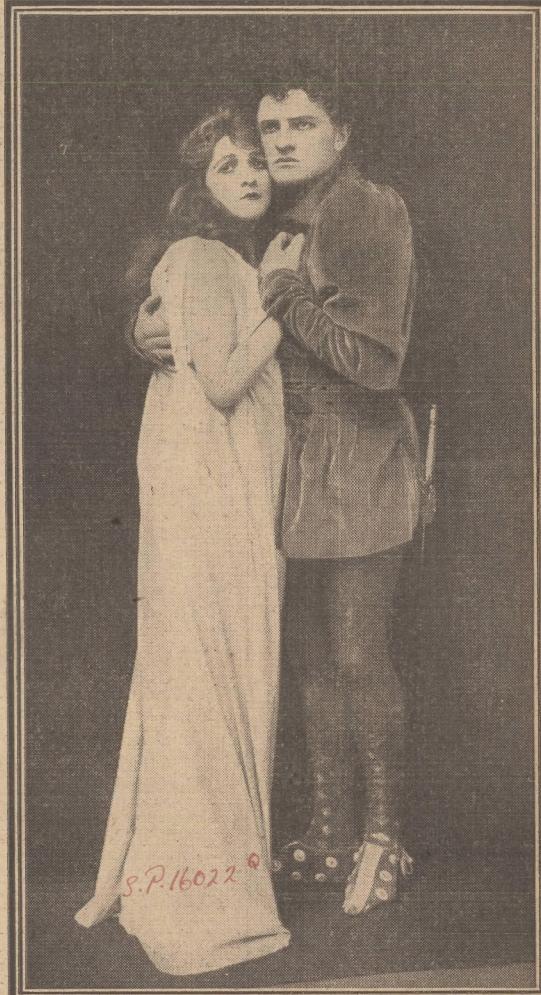
Brockdorff-Rantzau.

Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, the Foreign Minister, has bowed to the inevitable, and will himself head the German peace delegates to Versailles. He is seen with three of the substitutes for messengers.

THE SCENE OF THE FLYING TRAGEDY AT ANDOVER.



The sheds at Weyhill Aerodrome. The machine struck the roof of the building on the left marked (A), afterwards coming into contact with the raised central portion of the roof of the building in the middle at the point marked (B). The machine then dived into the side of the men's sleeping quarters, the building on the right, at the point marked (C). Five of the occupants were fatally burned.



8716022

The presentation by Miss Doris Keane and her husband, Mr. Basil Sydney, of Shakespeare's immortal lovers, Romeo and Juliet, at the Lyric Theatre has provided a theatrical event of great interest.—(Daily Mirror exclusive photographs.)

A DESCENDANT OF PEPYS.



Viscount Townshend, who succeeds to the title. He is the late peer's eldest son by his first wife.



The Earl of Crayton, who succeeds to the title. He was a descendant of Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist.



Mme. Pascal, one of the alleged victims of Landru, the Bluebeard of Rambouillet. "He hypnotised me," she said.

VANISHED.



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LIMERICK OPEN DOOR COMEDY.

Refugees Escape from "Off Side" of Train.

TANK ON BRIDGE.

While no serious disturbance is reported from Limerick, the military authorities are fully prepared for emergencies, and a tank is the latest addition to the defences of the city.

Troops and a large force of constabulary are on guard.

Every road leading into the city is guarded by a barrier of barbed wire and a posse of soldiers, says the Exchange Limerick correspondent.

The tank on the principal bridge across the Shannon has its guns trained down the main thoroughfare, while from the windows of the Shannon Boathouse, a Lewis gun covers the approach to the bridge.

Many people on Monday went to see a hurling match about a mile from the city, and on the return those without permits were stopped.

FIND THE "OPEN DOOR."

As the crowd showed signs of forcing an entrance by way of Barsfield Bridge, Gordon was drawn and some 500 men were held in reserve.

The 500 refugees were accommodated in the Thomondgate district outside the military area during the night and yesterday morning.

A short distance from Thomondgate, in the city but outside the military area, is a long pavement station, on the Ennis and Limerick Railway, and from this the refugees got into the train and travelled into Limerick.

On arrival at Limerick Station so close on duty locked the doors of the compartments of those passengers who were without permits to enter the city, pending further action at the city station.

When the train reached this station, however, the passengers without permits got through the unlocked doors on the off-side of the carriages and escaped in the crowd.

So far the results achieved by the strike committee have been almost negligible, and they have succeeded in hurting nobody but themselves, for the feeding of the population became increasingly difficult.

BURGLARS THWARTED.

Would-Be Thieves' Hasty Flight from Jeweller's Shop.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SWANSEA, Tuesday.

An amazing story of how would-be burglars were thwarted has just come to light.

During the morning the caretaker on the premises of Mr. Crouch, jeweller, Castle-buildings, was aroused by strange noises, and on investigation he found an attempt was being made to enter the premises by sawing through the grating.

The intruders got into the building, and there followed a period of quietness and some whispering. Suspecting that their movements were discovered, the men abandoned the attempt, leaving behind them an elaborate burglar's kit, including oxygen plant, with two blowpipes, one on the roof. They left four canvas holdalls and two jemmies.

INQUEST MYSTERY.

Missing Anzac Captain and a Headless Body in Rver.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CHESHIRE, Tuesday.

Two Thames tragedies were not unravelled in time as the result of an inquest at Walton-on-Thames to-day.

Captain Alexander Whyte, New Zealand Medical Corps, said that it was impossible to say that the headless, armless and partially legless male trunk found in the Thames on Sunday was that of Captain Charles Ward, the New Zealand officer who disappeared from a local Anzac hospital on January 19.

The captain's bicycle, hat and letters were found on the bank near where the body was found.

The Coroner remarked that the tragedies coincided, but the jury returned an open verdict in the case of an unknown body.

£12,000,000 BR.D.E.

NEW YORK, Tuesday.

Miss Margaret Carnegie, daughter of Andrew Carnegie, and the richest girl in America, was to day married to Ensign Roswell Miller, of the U.S. Navy.

The bride, it is stated, will inherit £12,000,000 from her father.—Exchange.

TO-DAYS WEATHER.

The anti-explosion which has been the dominant feature of late is going its way slowly, but except in the extreme north, fair or fine weather is likely to continue.

For England, S.E., E., S.W., Midlands (E. and W.): Light, variable winds, fair or fine generally; moderate temperature.



Lord and Lady Halifax, who yesterday received many gifts on the occasion of their golden wedding.

TRAGEDY OF BARONET

Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing Found Shot in a Plantation.

LEICESTERSHIRE MYSTERY.

Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing, Bart., of Lennoxbank, Dumbartonshire, was found shot dead yesterday in a plantation in Leicestershire, near the residence of a relative with whom he was staying.

He was accustomed to go for long walks, and went out apparently for that purpose on Monday morning.

As he did not return, a search party was sent out, but traces of him were found until yesterday morning, when his body was discovered in the plantation with a bullet wound in the head.

Sir Archibald was in his sixty-sixth year. He was a member of the Royal Company of Archers, and married a daughter of the third Viscount Sidmouth.

"WHAT ABOUT IT?"

Mr. George Robey and "The Daily Mirror" Box.

"What about it?" exclaimed Mr. George Robey, when he visited The Daily Mirror Office yesterday.

"What about what?" asked our representative.

"What about The Daily Mirror box for the matinee at the Coliseum next Sunday for the Printers' Pensions Fund?" replied Mr. Robey. "It is to be devoted to the children of printers who have fallen in the war, and a representative company of the finest artists in London will appear."

To swell the receipts The Daily Mirror has given 100 guineas for a box, and has put the box up again for auction. Mr. Robey is anxious to know who are the first bidders for The Daily Mirror box.

NEARLY A TRAGEDY.

Neighbour's Prompt Action Saves Mother and Three Children.

A mother and three young children were found unconscious, suffering from gas poisoning, in a house in Great College-street, Camden Town, yesterday morning.

Shortly after midnight a neighbour heard the sound of a fall in the bedroom above her, and, getting no answer to her repeated knocking, she sent for the police.

The latter, on going to the room, were met with gas fumes so powerful that they had to wait some time before they could enter.

Three children were lying on the bed, and the woman on the floor, all overcome by the gas. They were Mrs. Ellen Henson, thirty-one; James Henson, three; Nellie, two; and Beatrice, two months. A gas oven and two rings in the room were turned on.

Mrs. Henson is the wife of a soldier in the R.A.M.C., now stationed in Egypt. She and the children were taken to St. Pancras Infirmary, and are expected to recover.

TRAM-LINES' FATAL GRIP.

His tyre becoming wedged in the tram-lines while motor-cycling through Colchester on Good Friday, Mr. Archibald Clarke, of Woodford Green, was thrown and his skull fractured.

At the inquest yesterday, at which a verdict of Accidental Death was returned, complaint was made of the condition of the tram-lines at the spot.

HOLIDAY BOATING TRAGEDY.

John and Pollock Teasdale (only sons of Mr. John Teasdale, electrical engineer, of Althorne and London) and Leslie Macdonald (only son of Mr. Macdonald, schoolmaster, of Althorne) have been drowned in the Crouch, near Burnham; their sailing dinghy was found capsized.

CHILDREN SAVED FROM FLAMES.

Exciting rescue scenes attended a fire at a maternity home in Ebury-street, Pimlico, yesterday afternoon.

Five children, whose escape was cut off, were brought down by police officers and "civilians" from the second floor windows by means of builders' ladders.

SIX MONS BROTHERS.

Football or Hockey Challenge to Any Similar Sextet.

FAMILY'S FINE WAR RECORD.

A fine war service record has been made by a Plumstead family. Six brothers joined the Army in 1914, and are therefore entitled to the Mons Star. They have all survived and five have been demobilised.

Here is the record of the six sons of Mrs. Marsh, of 42, Kentmere-road, Plumstead. They all served as privates—

Frank Marsh, age 24, West Kent, Regiment. Taken prisoner after Mons.

Frederick Marsh, age 32, R.F.A. Twice wounded.

Albert Marsh, D.C.M., age 30, R.F.A. Wounded and invalided out of the Army.

Ernest Marsh, age 28, R.F.A. Served in Mesopotamia.

Edwin Marsh, age 26, 3rd Worcester Regiment. Wounded.

Philip Marsh, age 24, R.F.A. Gassed and had shell shock. Still serving.

These six brothers are anxious to know if there is another family of six brothers, also Mons men, in Great Britain.

They wish to challenge such a sextet to meet them at either football or hockey when, on a playing field instead of battle field, they can fight another good fight.

Will any similar sextet please communicate with the Editor of The Daily Mirror?

LORD COTTEHAM DEAD.

A Descendant of Samuel Pepys, the Restoration Diarist.

The death occurred at his London residence, Southwall-gardens, S.W., yesterday morning, of Kenelm Charles Edward Pepys, fourth Earl of Cottenham.

Lord Cottenham, who was connected with Samuel Pepys, the famous Restoration diarist, was born on May 18, 1874, and educated at Eton and Oxford.

He was twice married; his first wife being Lady Rose Nevill, the daughter of the first Marquis of Abergavenny. She died in 1913, and three years later he married Miss Patricia Burke, daughter of the late Mr. John Humphry Burke, of California.

The first Lady Cottenham was found by the Earl lying dead in a wood near their house at Gorring, a sporting gun by her side.

It was supposed that she slipped, and that the gun went off, the shot passing through her body.

"CORNERING" BEEF STEAK.

Food Ministry's Eye on Butchers—Customers' Grievance.

The Food Ministry take a serious view of the complaints which are being made that many butchers are exercising preferential treatment in supplying meat.

The grievance of many private customers is that when they ask for steak they are told that they can only have mutton, and when it is pointed out that there is steak of good quality on display they are met with the reply that that is intended for a restaurant or some institution.

MISS ASHWELL'S 'SERVICE.'

Famous Actress' Biblical Recital at Worcester Cathedral.

From Our Own Correspondent.

WORCESTER, Tuesday.

The recital of Biblical passages by Miss Lena Ashwell attracted a large congregation to Worcester Cathedral this afternoon.

With impense dramatic force, Miss Ashwell declaimed the five extracts from the Scriptures, "The Death of the Mighty," "The Righteous Hath Hope in His Death," "The Heralding of the Kingdom," "God's Kingdom," "Peace," and "The Kingdom of the Redeemed."

Miss Ashwell told me that the idea of the recital originated with Earl and Countess Beauchamp, with whom she stayed at Madresfield Court.

"I have never recited in a cathedral before," she said. "It was a wonderful opportunity, and I loved doing it."

MR. SEXTON ON DOCKERS.

"The dockers have never had such a charter offered to them in their lives, and yet they are objecting to it. They are getting 'back' at the exchange," said Mr. James Sexton, M.P., general secretary of the National Union of Dock Labourers, when interviewed yesterday regarding the dock workers' strike in Liverpool and Birkenhead.

"The men should accept this offer with both hands and be thankful."

THIS IS MUZZLE DAY IN LONDON.

Big Stores Besieged and Stocks Cleared Out.

ELEVEN FRESH 'SUSPECTS.'

Two suspected cases of rabies were reported yesterday in the London area, viz., at Acton, where the animal was destroyed, and a veterinary post-mortem is now being made, and at Stratford (West Ham).

Others are notified from the provinces—at Cardiff, Barry, Port Talbot, Uplyne (Devonshire), Trowbridge (Wiltshire), East Molesey and Newham (Glos.), while two cases with severe symptoms were reported in Monmouthshire.

In Croesyceiliog the infected dog has been shot.

In High-street, Hythe, yesterday, a lady visitor was severely bitten by a dog which was secured for examination.

No suspected cases have been confirmed during the last two days, and so far there are only two confirmed cases in the London area, namely, at Byfleet and Action.

To-day is Muzzle Day. At midnight last night permission to lead a dog as an alternative to muzzling was withdrawn. Henceforth it is an offence for an unmuzzled dog to be in any public place, led or otherwise.

Yesterday the London stores were filled with people anxious to buy muzzles—and a great many went home disappointed.

SOLD OUT.

At Gamages there was a constant stream of inquirers, and all were greeted with the reply: "Sold out!"

"We had a large stock in on Thursday," said an assistant to The Daily Mirror, "but they all went before we closed. We have a further big supply on order, but we are still awaiting their arrival. Meanwhile, we are turning hundreds of people away."

Harrod's appeared to be the only emporium with any muzzles still in stock.

At the Board of Agriculture the waiting-room was congested all day with people eager for information or licences. They always received the former, but rarely the latter.

As a result of the Muzzling Order in the London area the Dogs' Home at Battersea is busier now than it has been for many years.

Many people are turning their dogs adrift rather than take the trouble to obey the Muzzling Order.

In imposing fines of 40s. at Exeter yesterday for unmuzzled dogs, Sir James Owen said if people didn't like it they must get rid of their dogs. It was a brutal thing to say, but one human being is worth millions of dogs.

'IN DEFENCE OF HIS WIFE.'

Inquest Jury's Verdict—Soldier Who Struck a Man.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BIRMINGHAM, Tuesday.

The death of William James Graham, forty-five, who was found in a dying condition in Hulme-street on the night of April 2, was inquired into by a Smethwick jury to-day.

Private George Henry Norton, twenty-eight, stationed at the First Southern General Hospital, who has been arrested in connection with this case, stated that at a quarrel to ten he heard his wife saying, "Get away, you are a married man."

He went in the direction of the voices and saw a man struggling with his wife. When challenged, the man said, "I have not insulted her," and made off, with Norton following.

In his statement to the police Norton said: "I struck him in the mouth, I think. I didn't see who he was. The next day I heard that a man had been found dead in Hulme-street, but I didn't know whether it was the man I struck or not."

Medical evidence showed that Graham had an abnormal heart in spite of his age.

The jury returned a verdict that death was due to hemorrhage caused by fracture at the base of the skull, resulting from a fall on the back of his head, caused by a blow inflicted by Norton justifiably in defence of his wife.

I.L.P. REJECT SOVIET PROPOSAL.

When Mr. Fred Jowett, in the I.L.P. Conference at Huddersfield yesterday, introduced a resolution demanding the abolition of the Cabinet system and the substitution of Departmental Committees, an amendment was proposed that the Government of the country should be placed in a system of groups on the Soviet principle.

The amendment, however, was almost unanimously rejected, as was Mr. Jowett's solution. Mr. Philip Snowden was re-elected chairman.

FUNERAL OF PRIVATE SAVAGE.

The funeral of Private Savage, who figured in the sensational drama on April 10, took place yesterday at Finchley Cemetery. The hearse was filled with dozens of beautiful wreaths.

One of the relatives read The Daily Mirror that the military authorities had offered a military funeral, but that Mrs. Savage had preferred that the ceremony should be private.

NIGHT-FLYING DISASTER—DEADLOCK WITH ITALY

WILY GERMAN REPLY TO THE ALLIES.

Six Hun Envoys to "Negotiate" Peace.

ITALY ADAMANT.

No Sign of Any Compromise on Adriatic Problem.

Though the Huns have yielded to the Allied demand to send fully empowered delegates, headed by von Brockdorff-Rantzau, the Foreign Minister, to Versailles, and not mere messengers, they are now attempting to impose conditions.

The official reply from Germany says:—

The German Government, assuming that negotiations on the contents of the draft of the peace preliminaries are intended to follow the presentation of the draft, designates the following persons, who are invested with the proper plenary powers as its delegates:—

The Imperial Ambassador for Foreign Affairs, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau;

Minister for Justice, Dr. Landsberg;

Minister for Posts, Herr Giesberts;

President of the Prussian National Assembly, Herr Leinert;

Dr. Karl Melchior;

Professor Dr. Schuecking.

The sending is contemplated of additional persons to accompany the delegates; whose names and position the German Government will as speedily as possible communicate in a second telegram.

The German Government is ready to send the persons indicated in the foregoing to Versailles if the assurance is given it that the delegates and those accompanying them during their stay there will be guaranteed freedom of movement as well as the free use of the telegraph and telephone for communication with the German Government.

It reserves the right of subsequently appointing special experts for individual Peace questions. The departure of the delegates and those accompanying them would in any case be delayed for some days—Reuter.

Her David, says an Exchange message, cannot go to Paris, as he is ill, though Socialistic circles say the illness is purely diplomatic, as he cannot agree with Count Brockdorff-Rantzau.

PLAYING THE WILSON CARD.

According to the newspapers, it is announced from Berlin that the German Government has decided upon the line of conduct it proposes to adopt towards the Entente.

The Germans will not refuse to sign a matter of principle, but will offer to negotiate.

It will lay renewed stress on the acceptance of President Wilson's principles, and will show a willingness to go as far as possible along the road of concession.

No Black Lists.—The Supreme Economic Council has agreed to suspend all black lists, says the Exchange.

FRANCE MUST WELCOME GERMANY.

In an interview given to the *Temps*, says Reuter, Herr Ebert pointed out the reasons to French government that it had over a large number of its ideas, and this had given birth to the confidence that France could not shut the door to the idea of the solidarity of all human labour.

"If this idea prevails in France" he said, "good relations cannot be long delayed, and Germany would be the first to translate the idea into reality by helping France to reconstruct what the horrors of war have destroyed."

ITALY WILL NOT YIELD.

Wilson Present at Meeting but Takes No Part in Discussion.

PARIS, Tuesday.

The Adriatic question came before the Council of Three this morning, President Wilson remaining in the adjoining room and appearing, if not disinterested in the matter, at least determined to take no part in the discussion.

This meeting did not carry the question any further, Italy remaining as uncompromising as ever.

It is believed that in consequence of the pressure of Italian public opinion Signor Orlando and Baron Saitta, sent to Paris to press the pourparlers to the last moment, in the hope that they may yet get their way, rather than that the date of signing the treaty be put off.

Whatever the Italian interests at stake may be, it is considered that this is going too far.

All the Allies have hitherto in turn made concessions in the matter of their particular interests, however cherished these might be, for the sake of the general interests of the Allies.

Italy should bear in mind the example in mind, remembering also that she did not make war alone and was certainly not the Power that suffered most.—Exchange.

German Envoys Want to Negotiate—Plan to Seek Concessions Instead of Signing.

RIGHT TO SEND SPECIAL EXPERTS CLAIMED.

Aeroplane Disaster.—Five airmen lost their lives in an aeroplane crash at Weyhill Aerodrome, near Andover.

Hun Peace-Twisting.—The German Government has made its appointment of six Peace Plenipotentiaries "on the assumption" that negotiations are intended. The "right" to appoint special experts for individual peace questions is reserved.

Adriatic Problem.—This is still unsettled, Italy remaining uncompromising in the matter of her claims. See also "Another Hitch?" page 5.

FIVE AIRMEN'S FATE IN BLAZING MACHINE.

Four Hundred Gallons of Petrol Explode.

CRASH AT THIRTY FEET.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ANDOVER, Tuesday.

Early this morning a Handley-Page machine, with a pilot and six passengers, had just made a circuit of the Andover Aerodrome when the tail of the machine came into contact with a petrol tank used by the men for sleeping purposes.

The aeroplane turned over, crashed to the ground, and burst into flames.

Before anyone could assist the occupants, five were burnt to death, one was burnt to such an extent that he was taken in a critical condition to Tidworth military hospital, and the seventh had to be detained at the aerodrome for treatment of minor burns.

The names of the men killed were:—

Major Thomas Archibald Batchelor, D.F.C., age 33 (photo); William Reginald Atkins, R.N.A.S.; Lieutenant Arthur Barlow Whiteside, M.C. and bar, 26.

Flight-Sergeant Horace Henry Heales, 38; Corporal E. G. Ward.

The injured were:—

Lieutenant Westall (who is in a critical condition).

Sergeant Smith.

Heales was the mechanic in charge and Smith the wireless operator.

The burning aeroplane set the building on fire, and the fire brigade had to be called. It took several hours to extinguish the blaze.

The machine was starting on a 2,000-mile tour of the British Isles, and another of the machines intended returned to the aerodrome this morning when the accident occurred. It had only risen about 30ft. or 40ft. when it struck the building which is situated at the far end of the aerodrome.

It was a clear, starlight night, with a moderate east wind.

Four hundred gallons of petrol were in the front tank, the large quantity being necessary for the night content of the Handley-Page.

The aeroplane was a new Handley-Page bombing machine, fitted with two 325 h.p. Rolls-Royce engines, and with a wing span of 100ft.

LEARNING NIGHT FLYING.

"The machine was taken up by a crew of seven for the purpose of learning night-flying," said a member of the Handley-Page Co. to *The Daily Mirror*.

The men were practising the most difficult form of flying, and the accident has no possible bearing on civilian flying.

The machine was used for Army purposes entirely," said Messrs. Handley-Page yesterday. "As far as the Handley-Page firm is concerned, we had no control of the machine whatever. It was used for Government purposes."

Another report says: The aeroplane had been successfully tested on two occasions by Major Batchelor, who was one of the most experienced R.A.F. pilots, and apparently everything was as perfect as it was possible to be.

Colonel Christie, the camp commandant, and the other officers of the aerodrome were present to witness the departure.

After the machine was kicked away by the mechanics, and the giant Handley-Page machine started on her voyage.

They circled the aerodrome as a preliminary, and it was then noticed by watchers that the machine did not take off as well as usual and that her tail hung rather low.

Then it was suddenly noticed that she was failing to rise over the block of sheds which stood in front of her.

A few seconds later she struck the roof of one of the sheds, plunged forward, taking off the roof of the bath-house on her way, and then came heavily to earth against the huts, in which a number of air mechanics engaged at the aerodrome were asleep.

The huge petrol tank containing the 400 gallons of spirit exploded and fire spread all around.



Sir Archibald Ernest Orr-Ewing Bart, who was found shot in a plantation. (See p. 2.)



Admiral de Robeck, whose flagship, the Iron Duke, has arrived in Constantinople.

Flight-Sergeant Smith apparently fell out of the plane before the tank exploded and escaped with a few injuries.

Lieutenant Westall was badly burned, and now lies in hospital.

Unfortunately, the Andover fire station could not be brought into action in time to save the structure, and all that could be done was to use buckets upon the flames.

Probably through this cause the fire was not extinguished until something like nine o'clock yesterday morning, and by that time the machine was nothing else but a charred heap and the shed was also very much damaged.

The great aerial flight race, which Isles, which commenced in the early hours of Sunday morning, has been completed yesterday.

A new Handley-Page machine completed the final stage, but the second machine, which arrived at Hilton Aerodrome, near Pembroke, was prevented from making its last flight owing to a slight mishap, but hopes to continue its journey to Hampshire to-day.

Major Smithy and Captain Stewart left Pembroke yesterday morning. Captain Snod and Lieutenant W. E. F. Jones flew over from Belfast on Monday afternoon.

TRAGEDY OF VEDRINES.

Further particulars of the death of Vedrines are now available.

When at St. Rambert d'Albon, Vedrines' engine suddenly stopped, says Reuter, the airman nose-dived in the direction of the Rhone, then turned eastwards, finally crashing in a vineyard.

TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT.

St. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, Tuesday.

At noon to-day mid-ocean weather conditions had not improved, and the experts say there is little prospect of improvement before Thursday. It is consequently unlikely that any flights will be undertaken before then.—Reuter.

FIRE ENGINES' DASH TO HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Night Watch, However, Quell Minor Outbreak.

It appears that shortly after eight o'clock one of the night watch police on duty observed smoke issuing from an electric cable-box in the committee corridor at the top of the main staircase.

The alarm was given and, in accordance with regulations applying to all State buildings, a district watch was sent.

In the meantime the night watch police extinguished the outbreak with water and sand in a few minutes, no damage having been sustained. The services of the brigade were, therefore, not required.

FRANCE HONOURS NAVY.

Admiral Tyrwhitt and his light cruiser squadron paid a formal visit to the Fochia, had a great reception at Brest, says the *Central News*. The Exchange states that Admiral Beatty is due to receive a great welcome in Paris to-day.

'REVOLT IN TURKEY—CHAOS IN HUNGARY.'

Bolshevist Tale of a Bosphorus Soviet.

MURMANSK VICTORY.

Two countries formerly at war with the Entente are each faced with a desperate situation, while the Bolsheviks at Murmansk are faring badly at the hands of General Maynard and his Allies.

The following is the latest position:—

Hungary.—Rumanian offensive making considerable headway, according to Bela Kun, who declares Hungary is doomed to suffer the fate of the Paris Commune of 1871.

Russia.—General Maynard's victory at Lake Vigozero (Murmansk) resulted in guns and much material falling into the Allies' hands. According to a Bolshevik report, the Allies broke through their lines and occupied Vilna.

Following Sebastopol fighting in which the French inflicted severe casualties on the enemy, the latter asked for an armistice.

TURKISH RED REVOLT?

Bolshevist authority is said to have been decreed in all the vilayets of Turkey, and a revolutionary committee established in Constantinople.

According to the Bolsheviks the Turkish Consul at Odessa says the Allies are taking no part in the Communist struggle, and the Turks are turning towards Russia.

The Turkish Consul proposed to organise an exchange of products with revolutionary Russia. The Allies have put difficulties in the way of navigation.—Exchange.

The Bolsheviks also allege that the Consul has proposed that Revolutionary instructors should be sent to Turkey in order to initiate the struggle for the establishment of Soviets in Turkey.—Wireless Press.

According to one report from Vienna Bela Kun is said to have resigned, and it is stated from another source that his Government has been overthrown.

Serious outbreaks have occurred at Budapest. The Rumanians and Serbians, acting in close co-operation, says an Exchange Paris message, are said to have inflicted a severe defeat on the Communist troops.

Further news from Budapest, says Reuter, states that Bela Kun emphatically denies the overthrow of the Soviet Republic, though the position of the Government has become very difficult.

VIENNA, Tuesday. All the train services between Vienna and Budapest have been suspended to-day, the measure being supposed to be connected with the action of the Entente against the Hungarian Government, which is directed from Vienna.

INDIAN RIOTERS WRECK RAILWAY STATIONS.

Delhi Agitators in Punjab—Inflammatory Notices to Troops.

The Viceroy, under date April 20, reports:—

Punjab.—Five rioters were killed, twelve arrested in collision already reported with rioters at Chuharkana.

Mobs burnt Sangla Hill Railway Station and Sialian Flag Station and damaged Kaithal Station.

On the 15th a mob wrecked Gujarat Station and had to be fired on. All quiet there now.

Master-Gunner E. D. Mallett and Conductor H. R. Selby, I.O.D., were the two men murdered at Kasar on the 12th.

Delhi.—Quiet, but reported that trouble is being created in neighbouring districts of Punjab by emissaries from Delhi.

United Provinces—Railway strike has been threatened, but no trouble as yet. Leaders restrained Moslems, though they have strong feeling as to Turkey and cognate questions.

At Meerut have been posted inflammatory notices addressed to troops.

MUNICH SURROUNDED.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.

It is reported from Berlin that the Government troops have now practically surrounded Munich and that the Soviet Government must shortly surrender owing to the food supplies being cut off. Severe fighting is taking place.

The Spartacists tried to capture Friedrichshafen and the Zeppelin workshops, but were repulsed with heavy loss. The Fochia, a Zeppelin command, commands the Spartacists.—Central News.

The Munich garrison has been depoed.—Reuter.

A warrant has been issued, says the Exchange, for Prince Henry of Prussia, but he has escaped and his whereabouts are not known. He is charged with concealing arms.

YOU SHOULD REGULATE YOUR LIVER

SPRING is here. No one realises it more than the man with a troublesome liver. To tone up the system and safeguard yourself against a return of the old sickness and debility, you will find Ker-nak a real boon. It is two medicines in one, in that it combines valuable tonic and laxative medicines in a single pill.

Ker-nak brings to a sluggish liver, constipated bowels and weak stomach just that strengthening, soothing help needed to put them in an active healthy state.

Kernak

Given new strength and vitality by Ker-nak, the system quickly frees itself of the poisonous Spring impurities which cause you to feel bilious, low spirited and run down, and suffer from headaches, dizziness, indigestion, bad complexion and loss of sleep. Ker-nak soon enables you to forget that you ever had a liver.

1/3 or 3/- a box at all Chemists and Drug Stores, or if your chemist is out of stock, post free or same prices direct from The Ker-nak Natural Remedy, Ltd., Leeds.

THE MOST WONDERFUL VALUE IN THE RAINCOAT WORLD TO-DAY.

You will want a new Raincoat sooner or later, but the matter off until it's rain, and then buy the first you see. If you seek greater Style and greater value the Coat for you is the "ARTCR" Raincoat. It is only because we are the actual Manufacturers that we can afford to sell them at the astonishingly low price of

29/6

So don't delay another day, and if you are not perfectly satisfied we will refund your money. Reliable Raincoats by Gatsbyne Cloth, in various shades—ultra blue, check, fawn, grey, etc.—for men, boys, girls, Gent's, Youths & Maids all in stock.

Write to-day for Free Pattern and Price Booklet.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
(Dept. S), 53, OXFORD RD., MANCHESTER.



"Why do I always use POND'S, Dear?"

BECAUSE it is the one pure cream that tones and strengthens the skin, keeps the hands soft and white and preserves the health of the complexion. It is the saviour of skin and hair.

Applies with the finger tips night and morning, and just before going out the cream "vanishes" by absorption. It is the only delicately perfumed with the fragrance of Jacqueline roses.

Free from grease and stickiness, it never shows on the face save in the use of old clothes.

Or try the new POND'S—the original Vanishing Cream, in Opal Jar with Aluminium Screw Lid, 1s. 6d. and 2s.

Many women recommend it, including Miss Nelson Terry, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Constance Collier, and Madame Kirby Lum.

Ponds Vanishing Cream
POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 36, 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1)

MAN WITH THE TERRIFYING GAZE

Story of Paris Bluebeard's Sixth "Victim."

MYSTERY OF A CAT.

From Our Own Correspondent

PARIS, Tuesday

"I do not know what is the matter with me. . . . I am afraid. . . . But I shall write to you."

As she got into the train with Landru at the Gare des Invalides, these were the last words that Mme. Annette Pascal whispered to her most intimate friend, Mme. Carboneau.

As stated yesterday, Mme. Pascal is the sixth presumed victim of the "Bluebeard" of Gambais, and hers is perhaps the strangest story of the series. For in this case there are two women, there is a double flirtation, and the man is unable to decide between them.

Very dark, tall, slender and elegant, Mme. Pascal was probably the most beautiful of Landru's "victims." Her married life was unhappy, and, after separation from her husband, she in 1916 lived in Paris with her niece, Mlle. Marie-Jeanne Fauchet, a girl of about twenty. The niece was destined to be the second woman in the case.

MATRIMONY ADVERTISEMENT

How "Engineer of Lille" Met and Made Love to Aunt and Niece.

Not long after her return, at the beginning of 1917, a matrimonial advertisement brought Landru to her door.

He came as M. Lucien Forest de Barzieux, and described himself as an engineer of Lille, awaiting the liberation of his property in that town.

At that time Mme. Pascal was very prosperous, employing many waitresses in her establishment; but despite this attraction Bluebeard shared his favours equally between the aunt and the niece.

Frequently he brought presents. For Mme. Pascal, cakes and old wines; for Mlle. Fauchet, armfuls of costly flowers.

For more than a year this double philandering continued.

The young ones were full of enthusiasm for this charming man.

They called him "the indiarubber man" and "Robert Houdin" in recognition of his cleverness as a contortionist.

But gradually, unknown to the niece, an understanding was springing up between the older woman and Landru.

"HE FRIGHTENS ME."

Mme. Pascal Tells Friend of the Impression Landru Made Upon Her.

"I do not know what to make of that man," Mme. Pascal told her friend. "He is charming. . . . But he frightens me. I cannot look at him without trembling."

"Yesterday evening, after the dinner, he made me sit in an armchair, while he unloosed my hair and made it of a mantle. (She had very long and beautiful tresses.) Then he knelt and took my hands, looking fixedly into my eyes."

"For a time he remained silent, looking at me. And then he began to whisper. 'Annette! Annette, I am the man you are waiting for. . . . I am your master, and you belong to me! . . .'

"His intense gaze disturbed me. I cannot explain what I experienced. Everything turned about me. . . . I seemed to see diabolical lights, and I must have lost consciousness, for I remember nothing more!"

"I do not want to see the man again. His gaze is terrifying. You would say it was the devil looking at you."

At Easter, 1918, Landru proposed to entertain the niece at Gambais for a few days, but the aunt preferred to go herself. On returning to Paris she complained of being frightened by gunfire and aerial bombs.

M. Forest de Barzieux (Landru) had offered her a refuge in the country, which she had decided to accept.

On the journey she carried a black and white cat, and it is worthy of remark that the body of a cat has been found near the dogs of Mlle. Marchadier.

It is remembered, too, that when Landru was questioned last week concerning the bodies of the three dogs he replied evasively, and added the following statement:

"Three dogs signify nothing. If you search further you may find a cat. What does that prove?"

SEARCH FOR A BOY.

Landru's Son Says His Father Is Victim of Dual Personality.

Where is Roger Guillin, aged ten, who is mentioned among the private papers of Landru?

Examination of private papers shows that names in a book belonging to Charles Guillin, who died in December, 1912, have been erased. The book now bears the name of Charles Guillet, one of Landru's aliases.

Among the names registered in it is that of Roger Guillin, born 1908, and for a child the police made out an exhaustive search.

Interest is aroused by the announcement that at the time of his arrest the accused carried a gold pencil-case that belonged to Mme. Cuchet's son, who disappeared with his mother.

"The newspapers are cruel to those whom misfortune oppresses," says young Charles Landru. "They suggest; they almost accuse. But tell me, am I to suspect my father?"

He declared that Bluebeard is the victim of a dual personality.

STOPPED 'RED' TRAIN.

How Suffolk's Gunner Helped at a Critical Moment.

USSURI DISTRICT EPISODE.

"In recognition of his services in command of B42, which carried out a successful attack on the German battle-cruiser Moltke on April 25, 1918, Lieutenant C. H. Allen is given the D.S.O.," says the London *Gazette*.

Allen, of the Guards, is the C.M.G.; to Captain J. W. Scott, R.M.L.I., the D.S.O. and to Commander F. G. Farmer, R.N., and the D.S.O. to Commander J. W. Scott for actions at Peichanga.

H.M.S. Suffolk's 12-pounder guns did magnificent work during the battle in the Ussuri district, in the Amur region. Commander (now Captain) James Wolfe Murray, R.N., of the Suffolk, becomes D.S.O. and Captain John Arthur Bull, R.M.L.I., receives the D.S.C.

Fighters of the same ship, Mr. Cunner, Moffatt, R.N., has received the D.S.C. Mr. Moffatt set a high example of bravery under fire, and prevented the enemy's armoured train from advancing at a critical period."

STOWAWAYS' £100 BRIBE.

Russians' Secret Trip From Rotterdam—Captured by Germans.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LIVERPOOL, Tuesday.

When three Russian stowaways were discovered at Liverpool today to stowing away aboard a steamer from Rotterdam to Manchester, it was stated that the men paid £100 to members of the crew for secreting them on the ship.

On arrival at Liverpool the men were arrested. Prisoners, who formerly lived in London, went to Russia to fight, but on arrival at Archangel they found the Kerensky revolution in full swing. No further men being required for the Russian Army, they were set free, and journeyed into the Ukraine at the expense of the Russian Government.

They were captured in the Ukraine by the Germans. They had been interned as Englishmen for ten months, and had been sent with returning British war prisoners to Rotterdam.

The stipendiary took into consideration that the men had been twelve days on remand, ordered them to go to prison for seven days' hard labour.

DEARER TOBACCO?

Stocks Inadequate to Meet the Enormous Increase of Sales.

The cost of raw tobacco was referred to yesterday by Mr. Joseph Phillips at a meeting of Godfrey Phillips and Company.

The stocks of raw leaf in bond were inadequate now, he said, to meet the enormous increase of sales. Fresh stocks had to be obtained at double and treble pre-war prices.

To add to their difficulties, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had still further increased the duties on tobacco.

OTHER PEOPLES' MONEY.

Bequest of Valuable Pictures to Corporation of Liverpool.

Miss Margaret Harrison, of Dean Hill, Matlock, Derby, who left estate of the gross value of £37,445, bequeathed £2,500 to the Church Missionary Society for the support of a missionary in India or Africa, and the remainder for St. Giles' Benevolent Fund for the distribution at Christmas of blankets and coals to poor and needy spinners and widows over fifty years of age in the parish.

Mrs. Harriet Newman, of Oakfield, Roby, near Liverpool, left property of the gross value of £33,808 18s. 1d. She left various sums to charity and also two pictures, "A Lady" and "A Girl and Dog," supposed to have been painted by either Sir Joshua Reynolds or Gainsborough, to the Corporation of the City of Liverpool.

LONDON MARCH OF 5,000 ANZACS.

Australian troops for the march through London on Anzac Day (Friday) will assemble in the Mall.

The march will begin at 10.30, past the front of the Royal Exchange, then along Pall Mall, up Victoria Embankment, then along the Embankment House.

Five thousand troops will take part.

The march is quite apart from that of the Dominion troops' victory march on May 3.



Children's Future

EDUCATION is one of the things on which it will not pay you to economise. When your little ones reach school age you will be glad to be able to give them the best possible start in life.

Then again, as they grow older, when the possession of two or three hundred pounds may make all the difference to their future. It may decide whether your boy can continue his training for one of the great professions—whether your girl shall enter for an advanced course, or go abroad for a year or two to study languages.

Without the money you will not be able to give the children the chance they deserve and which you will want them to have. Make sure that you WILL have the money. Begin now to buy

SAVINOS CERTIFICATES

and buy them week by week. If you make a habit of buying Certificates **REGULARLY**, you will not feel the immediate loss of the money. Invest it in Savings Certificates and your savings will increase at the rate of 5½% Compound Interest.

There is no safer, more profitable, or more convenient way of laying up a fund for the future.



DUKE'S SWEETS EVERYWHERE

DUKE'S
NUT FRUIT SQUARES
ARE DELICIOUS

DUKE'S SWEETS PLEASE EVERYBODY

Eczema CURED BY Cadum Ointment

Mrs. Kidd, 12, Victoria-road, Middlesbrough, writes: "Eczema and ulcers on my legs caused me martyrdom for 12 years. Some of the ulcers were the size of a two-shilling piece. Several remedies were tried and the ulcers cauterised, but they broke out again badly. When I applied Cadum Ointment, the irritation stopped at once, and in a few weeks I was completely cured."

Cadum Ointment cures pimples, sores, eczema, rash, irritation, blisters, chafing, scaly skin, cuts and other skin troubles, and has proved a blessing to many who for years have suffered agonies. It begins healing with the first application. 1/3 of all Chemists

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1919.

WHEN SHALL WE GET TO WORK?

THE streets seemed yesterday to be thronged still with holiday people, all pursuing their way contentedly, as though nothing remained to be done in life, for ever, except stroll' about and spend much money in restaurants, shops, and theatres. Good luck to them, fortunate folk!

We know, we feel, that humanity needs more leisure and brightness, after all that has happened. But, alas, these needs are rarely the measure of capacity. We want what we can't get. Or, to put it more accurately, many or most of us have had a fairly good holiday and more than usual have had money to spend. The result seems to be, as the Lord Chancellor recently said, that "we like it."

But there are cross claims. Destiny and Nature and the other stern directors of things human never seem to take holidays. And at present—as the coming Budget will remind us—they are presenting us with a gigantic Bill.

That Bill can only be met by realising, first, that it exists; and this the happy holiday crowds and loafers are evidently far from doing. And when the Bill is realised, then it can only be paid by work and saving. Spending and no work are at present the favoured rules.

Unfortunately the authorities encourage all this.

Illimitably, recklessly they waste money themselves. Also, quite without need, they are preparing yet another Peace Beano for the summer.

Let them set a good example by really beginning at last to stop waste in Government departments, and also by reducing the Beano plans to a minimum. For if the do-nothing and spend-all habits get much more firmly fixed upon us we shall have to meet that Bill by Bankruptcy. That is evident. And what is equally evident is that nobody seems to care!

ANOTHER HITCH?

THE great difference between the hitch at the Peace Conference over Italian claims in the Adriatic—*il mare nostro* as the Italian jingoes call it—and other earlier hitches is that here the claim of one of our friends and Allies collides with those of another: Italians against Jugo-Slavs.

That is why the Fiume, and Trieste, and Valona and Dalmatian questions are a test for the Conference. They demand the use of a new spirit—the spirit of permanent peace.

Italy's jingoes, misrepresenting the fine Italian people, cannot show this spirit. The Adriatic Sea is to be "theirs." They want to take all and keep it. We hear their ravings in the pseudo-literary trash of Signor D'Annunzio's recent outbursts of imbecility.

Italian pseudo-imperialism has no excuse. It simply represents arming against a new and little nation—the Jugo-Slavs. Italy has nothing to fear henceforward from Austria. Formerly her jingoes' claims pretended to be defensive. Now they are plainly aggressive. And all the time their folly is exhibited by the stricken and starved state of Southern Italy and Sicily. If only people would set their own houses in order instead of stealing other people's!

The Italian people will see to it.

We feel certain that the worthy heirs of Mazzini will not support any statesman or Government that threatens to throw up the work of permanent peace for the sake of a predatory gain against a people quite obviously weaker than themselves. W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is not possible for a man to be virtuous without strict veracity.—*Lord Chesterfield*.

THE DEARTH OF SHAKESPEAREAN ACTORS.

CAUSES FOR THE FAILURE TO SPEAK THE POET'S VERSE.

By VAUGHAN DRYDEN.

AT last there has appeared an actress who openly admits that she does not feel equal to playing Juliet or Rosalind!

This is Miss Gladys Cooper; and the reasons she gives for this reluctance are quite sound.

A severe form of training—she declares—is necessary for Shakespearean drama. No performer can speak blank verse by instinct; the proper delivery of the poet's lines must be acquired by a course of study, followed by a severe apprenticeship, such as that provided for the young French artist at the Conservatoire.

These are words of wisdom from lips that have appeared upon a million picture post-cards; and they should be laid to heart by the ambitions but indolent young actor or actress. For it may be observed in passing that it is

such that Sir Herbert Tree had to go without butter on his bread.

This shows that a commercial success can be made with plays from Stratford-on-Avon, as well as with those from New York.

Managers are so used to run ovine after any type of play which seems to succeed that I wonder they do not take heed of these things.

There must be a reason.

That reason be a dearth of actors who can play Shakespeare?

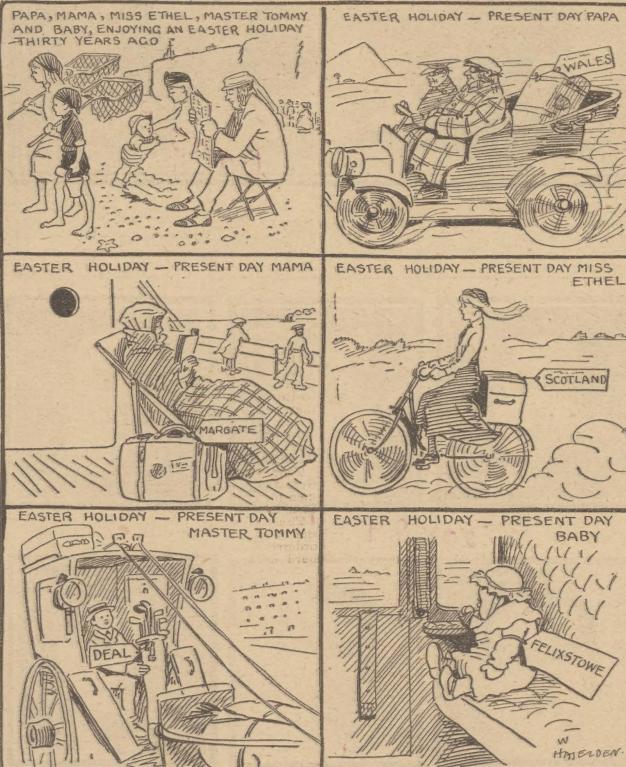
Here we have the vicious circle again!

THEY HAVE NO TRAINING!

There is no training-ground in which young players can learn the right delivery of the poet's music. And until managers play Shakespeare as a regular thing there can be no such school.

Who will be the manager, or managers, to ensure us Londoners a fairly continuous supply of Shakespeare? I say managers in the plural advisedly, for it is ridiculous to suppose that London could not support two or three or more theatres playing Shakespeare

MUST WE GO "ALL TOGETHER" ON A HOLIDAY?



quite possible for ambition to co-exist with distaste for effort; and, in fact, quite a number of people hanker for the palm without the that.

It is worthy of notice that the greatest poet of all time is represented in the capital of England, his country, at this moment by but one production. (I say nothing of special performances.) Obviously there is not much encouragement for the aspiring young historian to devote himself to the study of Shakespeare. He has neither an academy in which to study nor an audience to whom to display the results of his labours.

And neither of these desirable things seems to be on the way, either!

Of course, the stock excuse of the manager is that "people will not go to see Shakespeare." But in their perverse way, "people" crammed the Court for weeks when "Twelfth Night" was produced, and are now causing the "House full" boards to be displayed every night outside the Lyric, where is played "Romeo and Juliet." And I have not heard that the results of the Shakespearean productions at His Majesty's were

simultaneously. The crowds filling the Court recently, and the Lyric at the moment, prove that.

Surely there must be a few ambitious young actors about who would welcome the chance of a course of Shakespeare study. The Court production showed that we have a nucleus of players competent to interpret sweet Will. And with a continuous series of Shakespearean revivals the others would be "coming on." Surely all the young players are not wedded to the hands-in-pockets, lounge-and-mumble modern comedy!

What does Mr. C. B. Cochran say?

The heart and brain that were not afraid of producing "The Miracle" and "Cyrano de Bergerac" could not jib at Shakespeare, especially when, in spite of lying old tags to the contrary, it is surely proved Shakespeare can spell success.

Anyhow, somebody ought to do something, when we have the disgraceful spectacle of only one London theatre playing Shakespeare on the poet's birthday. And that is only a chance. We might have had no Shakespeare at all.

"OUR NOISY GIRLS."

ARE THEY LESS MODEST THAN THE MAJORITY OF MEN?

HIGHER PITCHED VOICES.

I CANNOT let pass, unopposed, "H. N.'s" remarks against our girls.

As a mother of three myself, I have only found them in any way noisy when in the company of their men friends, and then, should their voices carry further, it is because they are higher pitched.

In many cases, in fact, I have noticed them exercising a subdued influence. M. M. M.

THE FLAPPER'S FAULT?

ABOLISH the flapper and there will be no complaints to our girls being noisier.

The flapper, by her generally hysterical and foolish behaviour, disgraces her sex in the eyes of the world.

As she is not really responsible for her actions (any doctor will tell us this), let the flapper be put under close restraint until certified as cured of the hysteria which now troubles her.

HE IS DISCUSSED.

IT is not surprising that our men returning home after a long absence in the various theatres of war should view with apprehension the change which has come over the younger members of the family.

Expecting to find the modest and unassuming girls they left behind, they find instead these loud-voiced brazen caricatures who represent the majority of the girls of to-day.

It is all very well talking of their useful qualities, but give me the clinging and essentially feminine girl of yesterday.

DISCUSSED.

"COMPULSORY LONG ENGAGEMENTS."

WHEN a soldier returns to England on leave there is probably a glamour of "khaki" to the lady arising from the fact that "he" has just returned from the front, together with the thought that he is shortly returning to the Great Uncertainty.

Further, I think that many prospective brides are apt to expect a continuation of conditions prevalent to those of "his" leave, when financial matters did not enter into consideration.

This, of course, is impossible, for it must not be expected that the young husband is in the same position as "her" father, who has the knowledge, experience and position of many years behind him.

I feel confident that if a fiancee were seriously considering the problem of who would run away four and a half years—time lost to securing a financial basis—"she" might then embark upon matrimony in a frame of mind less ambitious for expensive pleasures, temporarily curtailed, until his basis is secure, and she would then make allowances for the man who cannot fight for his country and create a desired position simultaneously, though his intentions may be the best.

Then compulsory long engagements would not be necessary.

EX CAPTAIN.

SMOKING IN CHURCH.

I WAS glad to see in Saturday's issue of *The Daily Mirror* "Undergrad's" letter on this subject. When, a few days ago, I saw the original intimation that a certain guardian of the Church had again suggested that smoking might be allowed, the first impulse was to write an indignation letter, but I abandoned the subject as uninteresting!

To think it is sacrilege!

But, for our purpose, let the imagination develop the idea.

Just as a sop to the senses, we admit into the sanctuary this unclean thing; we transform divine worship into a smoking concert.

How wise!

Taking a broader view of the smoking habit, I find indeed it is dirty, and in excess it is disgusting! It is as insidious and enslaving as drink, and it is becoming more and more pernicious. Perhaps one of its worst features is the extent to which it has already gripped our young girls. When a woman imitates a man she usually caricatures him, so we have girl-smokers becoming girl-dopers.

WM. H. P.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle, This earth of majesty, this realm of awe, This fortress built by Nature for herself Against infection and the hand of war, This happy breed of men in this green earth, Which breeds free spirits and abhors the sun, Who of us all, like me, loves not his country? Who is a man? Who serves it in the office of a wall? Or as a mace defensive to a house? Against the envy of less happy lands— This blessed plot, this earth, this realm— This England—SHAKESPEARE.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 22.—If the rock garden has not yet been given attention, the work should be completed without delay. Clear away all rubbish and gently stir the soil between the plants. A top dressing of green sand mould will improve the appearance of the rockery and also help the growth of alpines, etc.

Try growing on walls should be clipped well back this week. Very soon the new leaves will appear. Sow more hardy annuals now; nasturtiums need poor ground if they are to produce flowers freely.

E. F. T.

OUR UNDER-PAID SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THE ROOT SCANDAL OF OUR EDUCATION SYSTEM.

By AN ASSISTANT-MASTER.

The Annual Conference of the National Union of Teachers calls attention to the important question of teachers' pay.

"NEVER," said Mr. Lloyd George, "were John Knox's words truer than in these days of scientific progress—that, 'Every scholar made is an addition to the wealth of the community.'"

But how does the community respond to this human coinage? By starving the craftsman who makes it. By despising his calling, by rating him in wages below that of the bricklayer or the plumber.

Think of the big, prosperous English county, where I found nine teachers, not one of whom received as much pay as the school caretaker—a miner's wife, whose war bonus brought her income up to 38s. 6d. a week!

There are 200 teachers employed at 10s. a week; one hundred certificated men and women who work for less than 30s. per week and 8,624 for less than 22s. a week; 71,394 certificated teachers receive less than 23s. a week.

No wonder teaching is a dying profession, socially snubbed alike in town and country.

It's a hard, dreary career of the blind-alley sort—say, in the back street of a provincial town, or in a London slum, battling with neglected children. And in the rural areas the teacher is often looked upon as a general utility man out of school hours.

HEADMASTER—£90 PER ANNUM.

Pick up a scholastic paper and run your eye down the "ads." . . . "Wanted, a trained and certificated headmaster. Salary, £90 per annum" . . . "Supply teacher, male or female. Certificated—27s. 6d. per week." And the master of a big urban school in Surrey, a friend of my own, and exempted from the Army as quite unfit, got a fierce demand from Bureaucracy a few weeks later asking when would he take up "work of national importance?"

Well, some 13,000 of us did take up such work—in khaki, you understand! Over a thousand of us laid down our lives for the Cause; and you may be sure the demobilised teachers do not like facing a blackboard with these outrageous conditions unaltered.

We teachers make no great fuss, being modest, well-bred folk with no love for uproar and Bolshevik agitation. But I say we're getting out; there will soon be a famine in school help.

To maintain the profession 30,000 new recruits are needed each year; last year's contingent was only 6,000! The National Union, of which Sir James Yoxall, M.P., is secretary, has 94,000 members.

"The male teacher," our Minister of Education told the House of Commons—as though it were a startling fact he sprang upon them!—"must be able to marry, and bring up a family without perpetual financial anxiety."

GOOD TEACHING—GOOD GOVERNMENT.

How is he to do this, when the county committees so contemn the teacher, that—as in rich Surrey's case—they give an increase of £150 a year to their land agent and a "rise" of 11d. a week to the headmaster of one of their largest schools!

"Teaching," says Mr. H. A. Fisher, "must be made a liberal profession, rather than low-grade labour. . . . I believe that education lies at the root of happiness for every people. Worthy education is impossible where inferior teaching forces are employed; and only inferior teaching forces can be secured where inferior pay is offered. Where teaching is inferior good government cannot be expected."

I know a girl whose full seven years' training got her a post at £2 a week. And what is that worth to-day?

That girl lives in one room; she cooks her own food—poor food at that—and can only afford the plainest of school dresses, and no other kind. She knows no recreation.

At sixty-five she may retire on a pension of a guinea a week.

Can it really be that Britain will continue to treat in this way the men and women who shape the bodies and souls of her people in the new Day? We don't ask a jockey's wage. Our quiet demand is that public opinion shall lift us at least into the category of "skilled labour."

We now suggest, with Ruskin, that among national manufactures that of souls of good quality may at last turn out quite a leadingly lucrative one."

ARE WOMEN REALLY LAZY BY NATURE?

REBELLION AND NOT INDOLENCE THE TROUBLE.

By ELIZABETH WARD.

"IT'S laziness. Women are naturally lazy!"

That was the comment of a man on the present state of affairs.

So reliable an authority as Viscountess Rhondda states that more than half a million women workers at present are receiving unemployment allowances, and that probably an additional million of industrial women are out of employment just now.

Out-of-work pay is being received by women who refuse to resume labour on various pleas, but during the past four years these women have not been lazy. Far from it.

There have been parasite women in every century and in every civilisation; there have likewise been rebels, and it seems to me that there is more rebellion than laziness in the attitudes of women to-day, who flatly refuse to return to former conditions of labour.

Woman has never been an idler.

When savage man hunted, fished or fought, it was savage woman who prepared the food and sought out roots and herbs for accompaniment to the flesh her lord brought home.

With the advance of civilisation, mechanical inventions have changed not only the social conditions, but the mental outlook of women.

One finds a few rosy-cheeked dairymaids in Dorset, but the separator performs the tasks which Tess and Hetty Priddle used to do.

And, as the old-time occupations of women

have been superseded by mechanical aids, women have turned their attention to other fields of labour, and, slowly but surely, have begun to reconstruct their lives and to adapt their mode of thought to altered conditions.

During the past four years women have worked side by side with men and short of doing the actual fighting, have shared all dangers.

There has been equality in duty and labour.

"I was a general servant four years ago," said a quiet-voiced girl to me the other day. "Do you think I can go back to that after working on the land?" No."

Yet no one will say that farm work is easy. It was not because she shirked hard work this girl preferred her newer occupation.

Another girl, also a domestic servant before the war, has been working in a munition factory, but now out of work, told me bluntly, she would never take up her old employment.

"There's no man would stand the days," some girls had to put up with in the old days, she said. "It's not being a servant I mind—I've been a paid servant of the country—it's the individual slavery that files girls who can think for themselves."

It was several minutes before I grasped what she meant. As servants to a common cause, or working under general rules and under recognised conditions, it was not labour she minded. She wished to work, one of a great economic whole, not bound in individual thralldom.

Women know the conditions under which they laboured before the war. They will not go back to these. Conditions must be changed.

No, women are not lazy. At the moment, however, many of them are rebels.



PIONEER SAND ARTIST.—Josh Jackson, aged seventy-three, has made his pitch at Exmouth. He trained many of the men in the same business.

FIRST OVER ATLANTIC—STEAM AND AIR.

THE PIONEER STEAM CROSSING ONLY 81 YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

By CLIFFORD HOSKEN.

TO-DAY we are all eagerly watching the Atlantic weather reports and speculating as to the chances of the first Atlantic crossing by air.

On this day eighty-one years ago the first non-stop Atlantic crossing under steam from England to America was completed.

Then, as now, there was a race to be first across.

The two competitors were the steamships Sirius and Great Western.

Sirius started first. She left London on March 28, 1838, called at Cork and arrived off New York in the middle of the night of April 22.

She beat Great Western by a short head, for this vessel, although she did not sail from Bristol until April 8, made a non-stop run and arrived off Sandy Hook at 3 p.m. on April 23.

There is an interesting and historic note in the diary of the Great Western's commander, Captain James Hosken, R.N. He concludes his notes of the voyage thus: ". . . arriving at New York on the 23rd (St. George's Day), thus establishing the possibility of steam navigation across the Atlantic which had been frequently doubted."

The possibility had not only been doubted, but definitely denied by some of the leading scientific men of that day.

In fact the whole story of the pioneer efforts

to cross the Atlantic is one of the stories we have been told recently of the doubts and fears of the possibilities of an air crossing.

Men said no steamship could carry enough fuel. They said the weight of the engines would break the vessel's back. They are saying the same things to-day of aeroplanes.

Yet in 1838 two queer little paddle-wheel tubs proved the critics wrong.

Sirius was only 700 tons and Great Western 1,300 tons gross register. The horse-power of the Great Western's engines was a mere 750—about half that of the engines of the Handley Page entrant for the Atlantic flight.

In fact, the quaint little Great Western would look small in many ways compared with the giant V-1500 type Handley Page machine. This aeroplane's span of wing—126ft.—is three and a half times the width of the Great Western, her length more than a quarter that of the pioneer steamship, but the Handley Page's speed is ten times as great.

Great Western quickly began to lower Atlantic records.

Her first Atlantic trip occupied fifteen days. On her home-bound trip she knocked a day off this, and on her next voyage she reduced the time to twelve and a half days, which became her general average, and caused the world to marvel.

Now we stand on the brink of another Atlantic record.

The pioneer Atlantic aeroplanes, the most wonderful things science and engineering skill can produce to-day—how will they compare, I wonder, with the London-New York air mail of eighty-one years on—the Aquitania of the skies! a.d. 2000?

DO I WANT TO OWN MY OWN COAL?

WHEN "OUR HAIR HANGS WITH (BLACK) DIAMONDS."

By HERBERT SHAW.

A humorous view of the nationalisation of mines is here put forward by our contributor.

IN imploring letters, spread over a month, I had wheedled the local coal agents. Throughout they had been amicable enough. They might not, be able to send me a ton. But they would send me what they could. and when they could.

Now, when I was sick of the sight and smell of oil stoves, it had come.

To be sure, there was only half a ton of the precious stuff, but my imagination burnt it with such painstaking care that it was certain to last a long time—a hopeful infinity longer than the last half-ton.

When I had tipped the carter I went back to my room. My pleasing meditations led me into the glorious future.

I remembered that they were going to nationalise the coal mines, and it gave a regal feeling of pride and content. There would be no more of this harassing waiting then. I should be a part owner of the coal wealth of my country, and there would be fair distribution according to my degree.

No more cajoling. I should have a right to the coal I owned. The world would be a great deal less imperfect in that good time coming when I could be reasonably sure of a hole in my contentment.

PRICES UP—QUALITY DOWN.

That sounding word "State-ownership" meant also State-control.

There were plenty of examples ready for me of what happened in the track of State control. Prices went up. Quality went down. And, however dear any State-controlled article was, or whatever it was like, you had to take it, simply because the supplying of it was a monopoly of the State.

Bitter experience told me that this had happened many times before, when the State took over the supplying of any "universal" thing.

There followed big panjandrums in charge of districts with two-to-five-thousand-a-year jobs. There were passahs set over areas with a thousand-a-year jobs. Pentwidlers made guardians of boroughs with seven-hundred-a-year jobs.

Even you yourself had a job, the simplest (but worst-paid) of the lot. Your job was to take it or leave it and to wait in terror for the tax collector.

At this point, in a vicious burst of prodigality that was oddly comforting, I poked the fire three times without caring whether any in the house heard.

NOT ONLY COAL.

It was certain (I thought) that so soon as I began to own my country's coal the price of the coal I owned would quickly go to the height of mountains far beyond my faith. And simply because it was coal, and everybody had need of coal, things couldn't stop there.

Everybody with whom I dealt used coal also. From the bread I eat to the breeches I wear, what thing was there which in its journey from the beginning right up to the point of my possession of it did not depend somewhere upon the use of coal?

Therefore it was not coal, but everything, which would gallop in price. And against this I could array only the poor compensation of that pleasant feeling of pride in being a coal-owner.

It seemed scarcely sufficient. When I should own coal my say in things, my voice in the management and in arranging the cost of production, would still be represented only by one small vote. And the chance even for that occurred so infrequently as to be almost a negligible consideration.

No, it wouldn't do. This gift of coal-ownership would destroy me. I made up my mind to cast away pride. To own half a ton at a time satisfied my simple soul. At least I knew precisely how much I was paying for that.

I started. My wife had suddenly come into the room. She knelt before the fire, and that second, as she brushed the hearth, I saw Coal as a vast and devouring god.

"It's great to have got our coal at last," she said.

Our coal.

I shivered.

DANES FORCED TO FIGHT AGAINST ALLIES.



"Technical enemies" who are now friends. Danes who were forced to fight by the Huns return to Copenhagen.



Veterans of 1864 in the procession.

The Danes of Schleswig who were forced to fight against their friends, and who were captured by the Allies, have been repatriated. They were accorded special treatment while in captivity. A procession was arranged.



Miss Phyllis Ayrton. Miss Elsie Bowerman.

WOMEN'S CAMPAIGN.—Misses Ayrton and Bowerman, Women's Party, are conducting a vigorous anti-Bolshevist campaign in Merthyr coal district.



RED CROSS WORKER.—Mrs. Wisdon, wife of Brigadier-General Evan Wisdon, C.B., D.S.O. (Australia), now acting as pantry-maid at a hospital and as a Red Cross secretary.



A TECHNICAL TRAINING.—Demobilised officers standing by spinning frames in a large mill at Bradford, where they are being taught the textile industry.

CUPID'S OFFENSIVE: FAM



Mrs. Bertram Hambro.

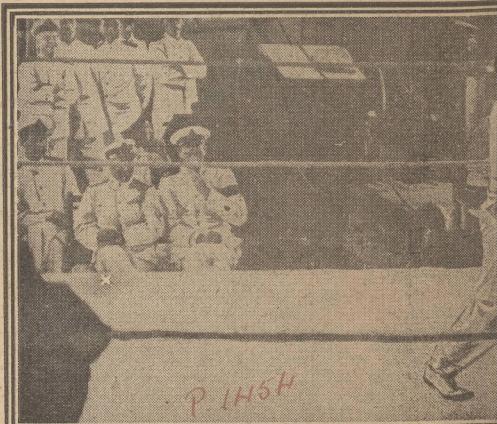


Captain C. Boyle.

Mrs. Hambro, widow of Mr. Bertram Hambro and daughter of the late Sir Nevile Lubbock, and her fiancé, Captain Charles L. C. Boyle, M.C.



Lieutenant-Commander Norman Lubbock, whose engagement to Vera, widow of Mr. Bertram Hambro, was announced. The bridegroom is a marine B.M. and torpe



LORD JELLIFFE WATCHES BOXING.—The Admiral (x) attended the game on which he is ma



"HELD UP" BY A "BANTAM."—A youthful sentry examining a U.S. sailor's pass at Limerick. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

US NAVAL V.C. TO WED.

A CARGO OF TANKS LEAVES RICHBOROUGH.

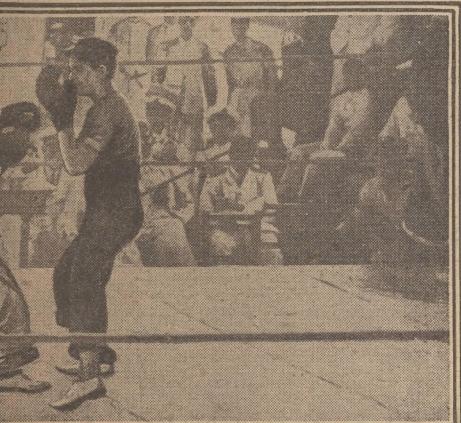


P Mrs. Angela Kenna.



Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson.

das Holbrook, V.C., R.N., Frank Everard Dixon, is
her a minefield in the sub-
Turkish battleship.



est held on board H.M.S. New Zealand, the Dreadnought cruiser
Imperial tour.



M THE LAND TO THE SEA.—A Folkestone snapshot showing
two farm girls enjoying a paddle during their holidays.



One of the photographs at the R.A.F. Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. It shows the ferry crossing.



THEATRE TO PICTURE PALACE.—Miss Violet Loraine, who will appear
at the benefit performance for the manager of the Kennington Theatre,
which is to become a picture palace.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.—A holiday snapshot from Exmouth. She has been gathering flowers.



"CYRANO DE BERGERAC."—Mr. Robert Loraine, who has to wear a monstrous false nose, in the name part, and Miss Stella Mervyn Campbell as Roxane. (Daily Mirror photograph.)



"MENTIONED."—
Miss E. D. Young, Commandant of the Summertime Auxiliary Hospital, South Green, N.



GAETY FAVOURITE.—
Miss Madge Saunders, who returned to the cast of the Gaety Theatre last night.

THE BEST BOOK
FOR THE
HOLIDAYS.

Daily Mirror
REFLECTIONS
100 CARTOONS

BY
W.K. HASELDEN



1919 VOL. XII 1/- NET

It includes more than 100 of the best of the Cartoons published during the year.

The End of the "Willies."
How Not to Travel by
Tube.

The Two Girl War Workers
Trials and Pleasures of a
"Special."

These are some of the 100 and more good laughs provided by

'DAILY MIRROR'
REFLECTIONS

for 1919

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HASELDEN'S
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At all Bookstalls
or 1/2/- Post Free

Beauty
that attracts

True Beauty consists of a clear fresh complexion—soft, smooth skin—and attractive white hands. If you want the beauty that attracts you should use Icilma Cream day by day.

No other toilet cream can do as much for your skin and complexion as Icilma Cream—the Cream of perfect purity. Its regular use is the secret of Beauty.

Many men use it after shaving—and find it very soothing.

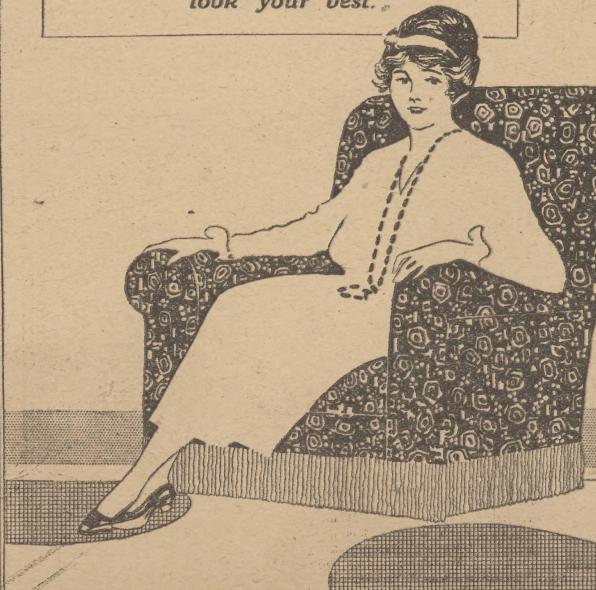
Those who suffer from pallor will find Icilma flesh-tinted Cream helpful. It is a specially prepared form of Icilma Cream for pale skins. Withstands heat and rain.

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(Icilma is pronounced 'Eye-Silma.)

Price 1/- per fl. oz. Everywhere.
Flesh-Tinted Cream, 1/6 per fl. oz.
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Use it daily and
look your best.



YOUR HAIR-HEALTH
and Beauty Gift.

Test Free the Wonderful Benefits of
"Harlene Hair-Drill."

1,000,000 COMPLETE SEVEN DAYS'
OUTFITS TO BE DISTRIBUTED.

NOW that the severely trying days of War are over, men and women everywhere have the opportunity to give that time and attention necessary to the maintenance of their general health and personal appearance, not the least important phase of which is the care of the hair.

If you are worried about the condition of your hair; if it is weak, impoverished, falling out, or affected with scurf, dryness, or over-greasiness, do not sit still—do not wait—and women have done, and try "Harlene Hair-Drill"—the untiring remedy for all hair health defects.

In the course of a few days you will find every strand of your hair walking to new life and not sitting still. And a mere sparkle and freshness revivifying the hair, and all the lost light and

FREE



You will be pleasantly surprised the first time you practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" for it is a most delightfully refreshing toilet exercise. You will immediately wonder how you have done without it in the past. It starts new life to the hair, gives tone and nourishment to weak, impoverished, straggly hair; at the same time it is especially beneficial in maintaining well-conditioned hair in all its pristine freshness and beauty. Send for a Free Trial Outfit.

shade, as well as the delicate tints of the hair, which have been dulled down, will reawaken, and your hair will rapidly take on the grace and beauty of youth.

For today's hair-health parcels are to be distributed one million hair-health parcels of full cost—each parcel to contain a Complete Outfit for the care of the hair.

A USEFUL AND WELCOME FREE GIFT.

You, as one of the nation's workers, can secure one of these hair-health parcels at once by simply posting the card below, together with your name and address, and four penny stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.

By return you will receive this Four-Fold Gift—1. A trial bottle of "Harlene," the ideal liquid food and natural growth-promoting tonic for the hair.

2. A packet of the unrivalled "Cremex" Shampoo—the finest, purest, and most soothing hair and scalp cleaner, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives the final touch of beauty to the hair, and is most beneficial to those whose scalp is "dry."

4. A copy of the newly-published "Hair-Drill" Manual—the most authoritative and clearly written treatise on the toilet ever produced.

SIMPLE METHOD SECURES HAIR-HEALTH.

Most of all will be welcomed the wonderful simplicity of this exceptionally successful method of "Hair-Drill." The whole process takes no more than two minutes a day, and is easily and quickly practised by a host of "Harlene" devotees for the marvellously refreshing and rejuvenating feeling this every-morning-toilet creates, before facing the day's work.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain a full size of "Harlene" at 1/-, 1/-, 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; and at 1/-, 1/-, 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1/-, 1/-, 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per box of seven shampoos (also one box of 2d. each) from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 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New picture of the Marchioness of Headfort, who is working on her schemes for domestic helpers.



Lady H. Kingsley Wood, wife of the Parliamentary Secretary to the new Ministry of Health.

WILL GERMANY SIGN?

Limerick and its Paper Money—A Novelty in Army Lists.

I ASKED A WELL-KNOWN DIPLOMAT yesterday whether he thought Germany would sign the Peace Treaty. He said: "Sign? Of course she will, but she will make a great fuss first. That dodge of wanting to send messengers shows she means to quibble all she can, and it ought to be a warning to us about the real attitude of the Germans."

Against Dumping.

The Anti-Dumping Bill is to be ready for discussion in the House of Commons as soon after Parliament reassembles as possible. Members will probably have it before them when the Budget is under discussion. The Board of Trade are now examining the draft of the Bill.

Retiring.

Several of the older attendants at the House of Commons will not be seen again in their accustomed places. And they will no longer offer members their silver snuff-boxes. They have been retired under the age-limit regulation which is now operative.

Servants' Bedrooms.

Many people will agree with the expert who contends that the Housing Bill should contain a clause insisting on the provision of good sleeping accommodation for domestic servants. But a lady tells me she heard her housemaid say that the first thing the Government ought to do is to abolish stairs!

Our Renamed Army.

A new official name has been given to the B.E.F. in France as distinct from the Army of Occupation in Germany. It is henceforth to be known as "British Troops in France and Flanders." But I doubt whether the new name will replace the old.

Spring Bulbs.

Amateur gardeners look with some anxiety upon the agitation to continue the prohibition of the importation of bulbs. They say that the price of British-grown bulbs has gone up very much indeed, and urge—I believe with truth—that in any case this country does not produce good hyacinth bulbs.

Welcoming the Boys.

There still seems to be a lot of misconception about London's welcome to the Guards. It was not intended as a welcome to the Army as a whole. London, so to speak,



Miss Sybil Threlkeld, taking up Miss Ethel Irving's part in "The Guards' Puzzle."



Mrs. Keld Fenwick, daughter of Sir William Wilson, has been an energetic nurse.

is the Guards' home-town. They live, in normal times, at Regent's Park, Chelsea, Knightsbridge and Wellington Barracks.

Local Units.

Now the War Office is issuing advice to municipalities about greeting returning local troops. But, ere all this welcoming is over, might it be suggested that regiments of London lads, such as the Middlesex and the Queen's Westminsters, might be given a cheer in the capital's streets?

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

New Army List.

I understand that the War Office is requiring a special return of their war service abroad from all officers for inclusion in a new Army List now in course of preparation. This and the record of wounds will be two novel features in Army Lists.

A Pension Question.

How long does it take to settle an officer's pension? It is nearly six months since a friend of mine was invalided out, and not a syllable has he heard from the authorities. Meanwhile he has to live on hope and the obliging Mr. Cox.

A Cox Gag.

Which reminds me that this "Army agent," who before the war was known to but few of the general public, has now attained the highest pinnacle of fame. He has been mentioned in a revue. At the Alhambra Mr. Gun McNaughten says: "Everybody who is anybody banks at Cox's."

Lucky Blue.

I noticed that Miss May Ewart, Sir Spencer Ewart's pretty daughter, had her bouquet of white roses tied with blue ribbons yesterday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, when she was married to Captain Alastair Monroe (a Cameron Highlander, and son of Lady Constance Monroe). I suppose this is a new way of supplying the "something blue" for luck.

Bridesmaids.

Most of my girl friends seem to think of nothing else nowadays but the frocks they will wear and the gifts they will receive as bridesmaids. Since this craze for having a long train of bridesmaids set in every popular girl is in request by her friends who are about



Miss Sheila Marsh, daughter of the well-known author, is to wed Alastair Polihurst, R.M.F.



Viscountess Furness, wife of the shipowner, will be the new owner of Sunderland House.

The Bridegroom's Present.

These same high authorities tell me that the most welcome present nowadays from the bridegroom to his lady's attendants is a necklace. It may be of jade, uncut gems or anything, but it is received with more joy than the conventional brooch.

Lady Owners to the Fore.

Lady racehorse owners had a field day on Monday. Glancing through the racing returns I find that they provided the winners of nine races! This coming so soon after the winners of the Lincoln and National—both owned by ladies—will make mere men look on.

The Fair Sex.

At Birmingham they won four races—Mme. Varipati winning two, at Waterford they won three, at Manchester Mrs. Peel's Poethlyn won the valuable Lancashire Steeple-chase, and the big race at Hurst Park was won by Dromio, who is owned by a lady who races under the name of Mr. C. Burn.

To Let.

Rambling in Hampstead and St. John's Wood yesterday, I had to stop and rub my bewildered eyes several times. Here and there were displayed "To Let" boards, which we had thought to be things of the past. I counted six in one of Hampstead's many cool and leafy avenues.

Precedents.

The other day, you may remember, I suggested the possibility of Bishop Gore being a Canon of Westminster. If so, it will not be the first time that such a thing has occurred. The present Dean of Westminster was formerly Bishop of Winchester, and the late Dr. Boyd Carpenter was "translated" from the Bishopric of Ripon to an Abbey canonry.

The Eugenic Farce.

That "The Very Idiot" should be renamed "Where's the Censor?" is the friendly suggestion contained in a letter which Mr. Albert de Courville showed me yesterday. Some of the ice on which the St. Martin's players skate may be a little thin; still, it holds firm.

Variety's View.

There was a large number of variety folk in the stalls on the first night. Mr. Harry Tate loomed large in a box. "The old music-hall jokes were really very mild," said Mr. Tate in the interval. I suppose he meant in comparison with modern farce.

Serials and Programmes.

When you go—I am assuming that you will go—sundays you will have a chance of buying your programme from Miss Ruby M. Ayres, so well known to *Daily Mirror* readers through her serial stories. Other popular women writers will be in the programme-selling corps.

A Great Programme.

Mr. Robey tells me that he thinks that this concert, which is to help the children of printers killed in the war, will be the most successful he has ever given. In the programme are Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Mr. Godfrey Tearle, Miss Ethel Irving, Miss Daphne Pollard, and many other stars.

Lord Derby's Plan.

I hear that Lord Derby has evolved a scheme to meet the shortage of horses, which he will put forward at a Jockey Club meeting shortly. This will result in more two-year-old racing.

Forgetting the War.

In the current number of the *New Illustrated* Mr. Lovat Fraser has a characteristic article called "Let Us Forget About the War." Needless to say, this is not to be taken literally. There is also a study of Baron Sonino, by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, which is full of interest.

England's Day.

St. George's Day is to be appropriately celebrated in one City church, at least. The Rev. St. B. S. Sladen, rector of St. Margaret Patters, Eastcheap, tells me that he has arranged for a patriotic organ recital at the church between one and two. Among other items Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory" will be rendered as a cornet solo.

A Clerical Committee.

I am told that all the judges of the dresses to be worn at the "Chanticleer" Fancy Dress Ball at Prince's to-morrow night will be clergymen. The verdict of "the cloth" on the costumes should be interesting.

Some Place To Go.

I caught a glimpse of Mr. Raymond Hitchcock yesterday in the West End. He is busy rehearsing for his appearance in "Hullo, America!" which has had several important changes in its cast. To paraphrase a now famous saying, "Comedians come and go, but a West End revue lives for generations."



Art and Religion.

The Church and the Stage were never so alien as the fuss made about Miss Lena Ashwell's appearance in Worcester Cathedral seems to indicate. The first plays were given in church. And some time ago Mrs. Brown Potter recited in a sacred building.

Army Rowing.

"Wet-bobs" and Services men generally are regretting the fact that the Mother Country will not be represented at the Inter-Allied regatta on the Seine. Surely the omission will be rectified at Henley!

Girls' Golfing Club.

Some girls are, I understand, making arrangements to start on their own a golfing club to which mere men will be admitted only as guests. They hope to get a site near London.

THE RAMBLER.

Freemans Custard

WITH STEWED RHUBARB

Rhubarb, either "forced" or garden grown, always provides a welcome and a health-giving dish. Add to it Freemans Custard, and you have a delightful, nourishing sweet for luncheon, dinner or supper. Freemans Custard, like all other Freemans Food Products, contains definite nourishment in its purest and most delicious form.

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DELECTALAND WATFORD, ENGLAND



A SLIP OF A GIRL

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

PETER LATHOM, a young artist who is very much in love with **PATRICIA CHANCE**, an actress on a holiday, who likewise is very much in love with Peter. **JOAN HAWTHORN**, thirtysix, and a story writer, Patricia's friend and champion. **TOM LATHOM**, Peter's brother. He is a business man, and quite out of sympathy with Peter.

PATRICIA WHISPERS.

"I'M going to marry Patricia Chance—and nothing that you or the rest of my family can say will make one rag of difference!" Peter hadn't meant to let his people have as much as an inkling yet of his engagement. But now, in his heated mood, the truth had flashed out impulsively almost before he realised it. Tom choked.

"You—you don't mean that you are actually engaged?" he cried.

"I should hate you to have an apoplectic fit," said Peter kindly. "I ought to have broken it to you—oh, it's preposterous! An unknown struggling actress, just because she happens to have a pretty face—"

The red-faced figure in the frock coat became gesticulatory and incoherent with this realisation of the worst. Peter's sense of humour struggled with his wrathful feelings. It struck him that Tom in this emotional moment would have been a priceless asset to a comic opera.

"Yes, I'm pretty, isn't she?" Peter, as gentle as a lamb, said. "Goodness knows, any girl like that should care to marry into the Lathom family. We can only be thankful that she does. And I hate to hurry you, but I can see you are missing that train of yours."

"Well, fortunately my father will put his foot down pretty sharply on this folly of yours," Tom began heavily.

"Oh, I imagined you were putting it down for him," Peter said gently. "Then why this heavy stage-father role, this sparkling dialogue? It seems heartless to remind you, Tom, that when all's said, you're only five years older than I."

Tom was not brilliant in repartee, and Peter's banter always left him at a disadvantage, of which he was exasperately conscious.

"We'll see what my father has to say to it, this preposterous engagement," he blustered. "I think I can promise he'll put his foot down on you marrying some girl no one's ever heard of! Come, what do you know of her or her people?" he demanded.

Tom was too full of the subject to wait for an answer. He went on without a pause:

"No doubt she thinks she's doing a good thing for herself, only this folly's going to be nipped in the bud. A minor provincial actress! It was bad enough that you were fluttering away from me, living in idleness on your father's money."

"So long as it wasn't your money, why worry?" said Peter. "The trouble about you all"—whereby he meant the entire Lathom family—"is that, because you can turn out millions of books to the exact Lathom pattern, you think you can turn out my life, too, to your own cut-and-dried pattern—my career, my marriage, even mortal thing. And I'm not going to have my father's name made clear like a pair of Lathom boots. Do I make myself clear, Tom?"

Tom suddenly realised two things. First, that for any effect it had on "this obstinate young ass" he might as well save his breath, especially as no effective repartee occurred to him; and secondly, that he hadn't a minute to spare if he wanted to catch his train. The heavy batteries of the family would have to be brought into action to bring Peter to his senses.

He flung himself out of the cottage into the waiting motor-car without another word. Soon the silk hat became a mere black speck in the dusty distance.

Peter felt a little depressed as he strode off in the direction of the caravan.

He had been an ass, of course, to give his secret away to Tom. Tom always rubbed him the wrong way. Moreover, he could not tell from Tom's attitude what the attitude of his brother was. Peter was likely to be. Whatever one of them thought on any given subject, it was safe to assume that it would reflect the views of the others. There was a wonderful unanimity about them in that way.

Tom would go back home with the news that he was engaged to be married to an actress—and then the deluge. The family would come down in force, and those would be what Peter mentally rephrased as "ructions."

It would be bad enough for himself, but infinitely more he hated the thought of Pat being dragged into any unpleasant family scenes.

And all they had or could possibly have among this girl he loved was that she had been the star of the show.

Only that one fact would stand for everything: nothing else would count her sweetness and charm, her breeding, her beauty. She had been on the stage—and against the granite of their old-fashioned prejudices all else would count in vain. Tom's attitude had merely confirmed him of what he had feared before.

"Well, two things are certain," Peter said to himself as he made his way through the wood to the caravan. "I'm not going to give up Pat—though it wouldn't be surprising if she felt like giving me up after seeing this sample of my people—and I'm not going to give up painting."

Pat had said "Fight!" He was going to fight.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

He found Patricia sitting on the steps of the caravan, just outside the door of the island.

"So here you are Peter!" she cried out smilingly as he came up, and made room for him by her side on the steps.

Her first quick glance at his face told her that Peter had a fit of the blues.

"Doesn't Tom approve of me?" she asked lightly, her instinct cutting straight to the truth. For an instant Peter did not speak. Words were rather difficult. How could he wound the girl he loved, as it must wound her were he to give an answer as direct and outspoken as her question?

"Oh, don't let's talk about Tom," he said. "He always rubs me the wrong way. Tom ought to have lived in the Middle Ages, when you burned people at the stake if they didn't happen to agree with you. I can imagine Tom in overtime at it."

Pat laughed merrily, and touched his hand with a little caressing movement.

The boy turned suddenly to her. Something rose impulsively to his lips—something that until this moment he hadn't meant to say. But now he knew that it must be said.

"Pat"—and his voice wasn't like that of the Peter she knew—"I gave you an idea of what my people were like; now you've seen one of them. He's not a fair sample of the others. You understand, I don't want to seem like a disparaging word about them; only they are not your sort a bit; it's no use blinking the fact. You won't like them, you won't have one single thing in common with them; they'll always rub you the wrong way . . . their narrow views, their cast-iron prejudices—about the stage, about art, all the things that you and I find pleasure in. They'll clash with you at every point. I know!"

Just for a moment the boy paused.

His voice was low and dead earnest. . . . It was like a Peter she hadn't known before speaking. Tom's visit had made him realise things as he hadn't quite realised them before.

Peter II. came running up with a little friendly bark, wagging his tail. The boy patted the shaggy head as he went on:

"Pat, dear, if I thought that some day all this would happen between you and me, that it would react on you and make you perhaps feel you would have been happier not to have married me—because in a way, you see, my people would be your people then, whom you'd have to put up with however little in common you had with them—why, then, Pat?"

"Yes?" she said gently, as he paused.

"Why, then, Pat, because above everything else I want your happiness to come first, if when you've seen the others you feel you'd be better off, free, it won't be too late for you to—well, to just stay a good pal and nothing more."

"I understand," Pat said, smilingly, "and it's good and generous of you to say what you've said. But you—if—because I feel I shouldn't ever hit it off with your people, I were to want my freedom back you would care a little, and more than a little?"

"Care?" the boy whispered, looking into her face, into the dark starry eyes. "Oh, but you know, I think it would break my heart to lose you now."

The tender curves of her mouth were a little tremulous as she spoke.

"And do you think it wouldn't break my heart, too, boy?" The whispered words came to him, infinitely tender. "So, you see, dearest, however your people and myself may regard each other, whether we like each other or we don't, we must never let those outside influences come between us. Our love is too dear a thing, our happiness too precious. And that's my answer, Peter."

THE WHITE NIGHT.

"PETER, does Tom—I suppose I shall call him Tom, when we're married, if he'll let me—ever relax and make a joke or laugh?" Pat wanted to know.

Joan had made coffee for them—Joan seemed to live on black coffee and cigarettes. Pat said it was a manifestation of the literary temperament.

"Well, I can hardly expect you to believe it—but I have actually heard him laugh as often as twice in one night. He's not the sort who were special comedians. And he seemed to have some ill-effects from it, at least, he made no complaint of any."

Pat knew that Peter was feeling himself again, since this was the old cheerful Peter back, the Peter who, unlike brother Tom, did not think that to laugh oftener than twice in a day was unduly extravagant.

"I'm going to paint all to-morrow morning," Peter announced. "I'm going to start on that new picture, with the caravan and you, and Thimbury. And in the afternoon we're going motororing. I told the chap who brought Tom here that they're to send over the car."

He had a feeling that it wouldn't be long before a visit in force from the family would follow the revelation that even at this moment Tom might be making in the Lathom circle. Better, though, as far as fun as possible before the intended blow fell.

"That will be fine," Pat cried.

"Or a fine—mind she doesn't let you in for one, Peter!" said Joan, making the worst pun on record without a blush or apology. "Pat's speed on a stretch of open road is wicked."

Patricia and Peter II. escorted him for fifty yards through the wood on his homeward way, after which, as far as possible, in the dark of their parting, he would have realised that this most undesirable love affair was a very bad case.

Overhead a full moon sailed in the sky. It slanted in through the little window of the caravan, after its two inmates had retired for the night, making any other light to undress by a sheer extravagance in candles.

By SIDNEY WARWICK



Patricia Chance.

The hour was late, and Joan was yawning. "It's late day in the oven," had made her sleepy. But Patricia, as she slipped in between the sheets of the narrow convertible bed, had never felt more wideawake in her life. She lay there at the ceiling with too many thoughts to make sleep come easily. Poor Peter had been worried to-night about his people and the possible effect of them on herself . . . but her he had taken on trust, not even asking about her people, waiting for her to tell him of her own free will and at her own time.

He had told her in faithful detail about his family, and particularly about Tom. Indeed, she had said more about him later, she had felt she knew him quite well.

And yet, as she knew now, she had never realised one-half of what might be termed the Tom-fulness of Tom. It was her own phrase, but it seemed to fit the bill. Even on the vivid details supplied by Peter, she could never have evolved the real Tom from her inner consciousness, so sombre, so solemn . . . and so unlike Peter.

But probably Peter had been a changeling. It seemed difficult to find any other satisfactory explanation!

And, because of Peter, she was prepared to make the best of his people—or, if needs be, reconcile herself to the worse they could inflict on her nerves. Because she loved Peter.

"Joan, dear," she said, stretching across the caravan, "when I dream sometimes, like all the other girls, of the man I should fall in love with, imagine to myself what he'd be like when he came along—"

"Goodness me, Pat!" said Joan crossly, "I was just dropping off beautifully to sleep—and you wake me to tell me a mere trivial thing like that!"

The bedclothes rustled indignantly.

"Sorry," said Patricia, staring up through the little window where the curtain was partly drawn aside, and watching the moon sailing in and out among the clouds that looked like snow-packs. "But it isn't a mere trivial thing. It's an important thing, very."

There was a protesting sigh from Joan's side of the caravan.

"Wasn't it funny, Joan," went on Patricia. "The ideal lover I used to picture to myself was a man who sat like Peter—"

"Perhaps he was like Hugh Damer," snapped the harassed Joan, pulling the bedclothes irritably over her ears.

"No, he wasn't like Hugh Damer either. Less, if anything, I mean. I remember he had a profile like a Greek god," continued Patricia. "You wouldn't say Peter's profile was like a Greek god, Joan, would you?"

"I'd say it was like Hugh Damer," Joan said firmly. "It's not to satisfy you, though; it wouldn't be remotely true—if only you let me go to sleep!" Joan flung out crossly.

"It wouldn't satisfy me. I should just hate it. Joan; I don't believe you're a bit interested in what I'm saying," came Patricia's voice reproachfully.

Joan groaned.

"Do you know, I think I care for Peter all the more because of his horrid people. I expect it sounds queer to say so, Joan—but somehow I do," Pat said dreamily. "Poor Peter, only wanting to live in peace and paint, and being chained like a galley-slave to that dreadful Lathom boot! And his people haven't the sense to see that he'd be a hopeless duffer in the business, whilst he might become famous as a painter. But I won't tease you any more, Joan, dear, you really want to go to sleep."

Only then she saw that Joan already was asleep.

Peter II. lay at the foot of her bed, curled up asleep, too. But Pat couldn't close her eyes.

Perhaps it was the moonbeams peeping in through the little window that filled her head with those thoughts that kept her mind so actively awake. She crept softly out of bed and through the curtains.

Then, in a sudden restless impulse, she crossed to the caravan door. Peter II. looked up, wideawake in a moment, and jumped down; Pat whispered an admonition that he was not to make a sound to awaken Joan.

Very softly she unlocked and opened the caravan door, to a flood of slanting moonbeams, their radiance enveloping as in a glory, the white-clad figure there. She stood, holding Peter II. in her arms, drawing a deep breath of air as she looked out at the white night, at what might have been a fairy world of enchantment.

The forest clearing was full was full of mist and moonlight, as if seen through a veil of silver gauze. Above the tree-tops the sky was darkly blue, sown with pale stars.

A white night, a night for waking dreams . . . those dreams that filled the soft eyes now as she thought with a little thrill of how love had come to her here like some lovely laughing adventure—love that could build a ladder to the far-off stars.

She looked out through the breathless night in the direction of the cottage far beyond the trees, as if following the tender thought she was speedily to someone there.

And then suddenly the sharp cry of some night birds in the wood startled the dreaming figure—and Patricia closed the door hurriedly again and locked it.

She lay down again, and at last the half-conscious dreams slipped over the borderland into sleeping dreams.

There will be another fine instalment of this fascinating story to-morrow.



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So ours are the proprietors of the value of "Odds on Oils" that they are making a special offer of a FREE TIN BOTTLE, not paid.

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On sale at 93 T.S. 550 BRANCHES,
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**"ODDS ON SPECIFICS" CO., Ltd. (Dept. 6),
36 and 37, Cock Lane, London, E.C.**

MYSTERY OF GLADYS BURTON DEEPENS.

Mother's Pathetic Appeal for Aid in Her Search.

'SUCH PAINS IN MY HEAD.'

"I have such pains in my head. If I am not better to-morrow, mother is going to take me to the doctor."

So Gladys Victoria Burton said to a young schoolfellow the day before she disappeared from her home in Walthamstow.

It will be remembered that this girl of fourteen has been missing since December 13.

"I cling to the belief that Gladys has lost her memory," said Mrs. Burton to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday,

"and I ask everybody, particularly the matrons of homes, to help me in the search that I shall never give up."

I think there are grounds for this belief of mine, because my daughter had only just recovered from a serious attack of 'flu,' and is hardly returned to a normal state of health.

Gladys Burton. For a day or two preceding the disappearance she had complained of bad headaches.

At the time Mr. Burton, the girl's father, was employed as a supervisor at the munition works at Burslem, and in consequence was away from home.

At midday on December 13 his daughter received a letter from him speaking hopefully of their reunion in the very near future and outlining the many pleasant preparations for Christmas that were in progress.

About 1.30 p.m. Mrs. Burton left the house without the slightest suspicion that her daughter would not attend school that afternoon. In the evening she was startled to find the house empty.

It has been learned since that Gladys was seen at half-past two, and that she was then travelling alone towards St. Pancras.

From this fact the parents infer that Gladys possibly had some wild idea of visiting her father at Burslem, where she had spent a holiday earlier in the year.

SINISTER CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The only letter that has indicated any solution of the mystery is a strange communication received on Christmas Eve.

The sender of this sinister Christmas gift stated that Gladys had been murdered, and that her body would be found in or near the River Lee.

For two days following the police dragged the river, but without revealing the slightest evidence of the girl's presence.

The missing girl is about 5ft. 2in. in height, well built, with a small carriage developed by exercise. She has dark hair, and dark eyes, and wore gold-rimmed spectacles.

There is a cast in the left eye, which is rather noticeable when her spectacles are off, but not striking when she is wearing the glasses.

Her coat was of black and white check, but she was probably wearing a fawn dress. Her hat was of terra-cotta felt, trimmed with ribbon of the same colour. She wore brown shoes and stockings.

Information, for which a reward of £20 is offered, should be sent to Mr. Burton, 140, Howard-road, Walthamstow.

MISSING BOY OF 13.

Mother Thinks Kidnapping Gang Has Taken Him.

A boy of thirteen, named Joseph Rurka, has been missing from his home at 222, Amhurst-road, Hackney, since Saturday morning, April 12.

On the morning after he disappeared the lad was seen by a friend of the family to travel alone by train from Dalston to Liverpool-street, turning towards Finsbury-square on leaving the station.

He was very quiet, gentle, and fearless, said his mother, "not at all like the sort of boy to act in this way of his own accord. I have heard that there is a clique of men in the district who lure children from their homes, and fear he may have got into their hands." The missing boy is described as: Hair dark brown, face full round, complexion dark, eyes brown, stout build, and wearing grey tweed knicker suit and grey mackintosh; height about 5ft. Faint scar on forehead over right eye.

Joseph Rurka.

UBIQUES" MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The King will attend the service in memory of all ranks of the Royal Artillery at St. Paul's to-day.

During the war 3,135 officers and 39,727 other ranks have been killed in action or died of wounds or disease.

FAMINE IN HOUSES.

Evicted Hotel Residents Scour London in Vain for Accommodation.

'COULD BE LET 50 TIMES OVER.'

The difficulty of finding flats and furnished apartments in London grows greater than ever.

To the ever-growing army of flat-hunters has just been added a large number of residents in London hotels, hundreds of whom have received four weeks' notice to quit in order that country visitors may be accommodated.

Never have advertisements offering furnished flats and apartments brought such a flood of replies.

The Daily Mirror was yesterday informed that to a young couple who replied to an advertisement in a suburban paper the landlady replied: "Very sorry. Rooms were let an hour after advertisement came out. Could have let the rooms fifty times over."

This case is typical of thousands.

The rush for accommodation is not limited to London.

"We are full up every week until Friday or Saturday," said the manager of one of the leading Cardiff hotels to *The Daily Mirror*.

INCREASED COST OF COAL.

Public to Pay for Advance in Miners' Wages?

The result of the advance in wages recommended in the Sankey report would mean a direct increase in the cost of production of something like 2s. per ton of coal raised, which the public would have to pay in some form or other, unless the miners' abnormal prices for export could be maintained.

Thus spoke Mr. Wallace Thorneycroft at a luncheon of the colliery employers of Great Britain yesterday.

The result of shortening the hours would be a further increase of cost of production and a reduction of output.

The Coal Commission will meet to-day in the King's Robing Room in the House of Lords.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Cheerful Markets — Features in Oils — Burmahs Over £11.

From Our City Editor.

THE CITY, Tuesday.

Markets opened cheerfully. War Loan attained 96 for first time this year.

Oils continued most active section. Shells

were bid for over 8s., Burmahs rose to 11s., Mexican

Eagles advanced smartly to 7s., British

Burmahs 3s. 6d., British Burmahs 2s., Kems

2s. 9d., and 7s. 6d. million tons.

Cunards were quoted ex their share-for-share

bonus at 2s., Argentine Tobaccos fell — Prefs. to

16s. 6d., Ordinary to 3s. 6d., on reduced profits.

Anglo-Continental Guano were offered 4s. on

dividend being halved on capital as doubled by

share-for-share bonus last December.

Liptions 3s. 3d., Cartounds 2s. 6d., Improved Oils

7s. 16d., Cunards 2s. 6d., Improved Oils

17s. 6d., Burmahs 2s. 2d., Dunlops 6s., Guest

Keens 5s., Thorneycrofts 30s., were all good spots

in Industrial.

Bovil Five-Year-Notes allotments, also "re-

grets" are out. Dealings were effected 1 premium.

Refined Prefs. rose 30s. to 5s.

Rand shares were weakish, especially Springs

3s. and Daggaointone 2s. 9d., Tonys 4s., and

Zambesi 2s. 6d. were good in Rhodesians.

Anglo-Continental 2s. 6d. good in Land 2s.

Estates 3s. 6d., West Africans improved Ashanti

Gold 2s. 6d., G.C. Amalgamated 2s. (on good

dividend), 1s. 6d., making 2s. for 1918.

Rubber shares were easier at close after good

opening. Trusts exceptionally favoured 33s. 6d.

Anglo-Dutch 41s. 9d., after 42s. 3d.

NEWS ITEMS.

Easter Cooper, born during Easter, 1838, died from burning injuries during Easter, 1919.

9,000cwt. of herrings were landed at Lowestoft during the week ending April 12.

Admiral Beatty arrived in Boulogne on Monday, says an Exchange Paris message.

A £70 meat tax was imposed at Grimsby yesterday on Herbert Tuplin, who sent unsound meat in a hamper to a sausage-maker.

Burnt to Death in Bed.—At Coseley, Staffordshire, Emily Plant, seventy-nine, an invalid, has been burnt to death in her bed.

Found Hanged After 'Flu.—Mr. David Palmer Morgan, a farmer, of Narberth, Pembrokeshire, was found hanging after suffering seven weeks from flu.

A new British air record is claimed for Major de Havilland, who has flown from Madrid to Seville and back, a distance of 480 miles, in four hours.

Navy's Record.—Thirty-two times round the world is the distance computed to have been covered by the British Navy in July, 1918.—*The War-Globe*, quoted by Exchange.

The Royal Defence and Barrage Service can rightly claim that its contribution towards the protection of his Majesty's and Allied ships and vessels has been of inestimable value to the fleets and mercantile marine of the Allied and associated powers.—Board of Admiralty message to the Royal Defence and Barrage Service.

The only weekly with a PHOTOGRAVURE COVER

LOOK FOR IT ON THE BOOKSTALLS

The NEW ILLUSTRATED

This week's issue
NOW ON SALE

Outstanding Literary Features

"LET US FORGET ABOUT THE WAR" by Lovat Fraser

THE EVIL GENIUS OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE

by Hamilton Fyfe

THE NATIONAL INCOME AND YOURS by Sir Leo Chiozza Money

IS THE KAISER AS BLACK AS HE IS PAINTED?

by J. A. Hammerton

THE FUNNY SIDE OF FLYING by Capt. W. Pollock (late R.A.F.)

8 page Photogravure Supplement

IN addition to many other photographs and illustrations there is an eight page pictorial supplement exquisitely reproduced in photogravure. This is a standing feature of "The New Illustrated" and appears each week. So superb are the reproductions that this supplement is alone worth much more than the cost of the whole paper. The pictures this week include reproductions of many of the choicest photographs in the "War in the Air" Exhibition. Especially noticeable is a magnificent double-page photogravure of British Aeroplanes flying over the Alps—probably the finest aerial photograph ever taken.

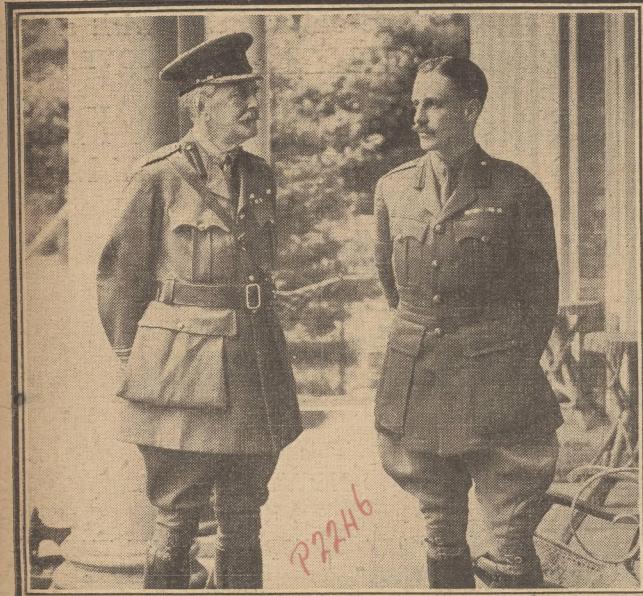
ASK FOR

The NEW ILLUSTRATED

A 1/- Illustrated Weekly for

3d

FATHER AND SON AS MAGISTRATES.



Lord Harris, C.B., and his son, Captain the Hon. St. Vincent Harris, M.C. The latter has been made a J.P. for Kent, and father and son will now sit on the Bench together. They have played cricket together and were both decorated by the King.



GIFTS TO V.C.—2nd Lieut. J. Palmer Huffman, the first Berwick man to win the V.C., has received a gold watch and cheque from the inhabitants.



HUSBAND AN ADMIRAL.—Lady Thursby, whose husband Vice-Admiral Sir Cecil Thursby, K.C.B., P.C., F.R.M.G., has been promoted.



AMERICAN HONOUR.—Rear-Admiral Sir Guy Gresham, C.B., formerly Naval Attaché in Washington, on whom President Wilson has conferred the D.S.M.



CROWHURST OTTER HOUNDS.—Miss Vaindell, who is a keen follower of the hounds, talking to the whip. The meet was held at Partridge Green, Sussex.

Hooray!

—no more
"War Marmalade"
—there's plenty of

'SILVER SHRED'

Go to your Registered
Retailer for some To-day.

Insist on 'Silver Shred'
—you may as well have the best!

'Silver Shred' on Breakfast Bread,
No late risers out of bed!

ROBERTSON—only maker.
Paisley — Manchester — Bristol — London.



HOUSES, ETC., TO BE LET OR SOLD.
HOUSE for Sale, at Finchley, price £600, semi-detached, leasehold or freehold, garden, etc., bath (and ground rent £3 vacant possession May 1—Apply Hirston, Hendon-lane, Finchley.

MARKETING BY POST.

A LL Alive.—A sample package choice selected Fish, 7lb. for 5s. 14d., for 9s. 6d., carriage paid.—The Domestic Fish Co., Grimsby Docks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CURE for Diseases has been offered which is sure and certain, in reality, everybody's opportunity.—Full particulars of D. Clifton, 13, Bread-st. Hill, London, E.C. 4. Is your hair falling out? If so, it is due to a disease. Send your hair sample to Dr. Clifton, who will diagnose and treat. Send one day's hair combings for free diagnosis and particulars of treatment for your case to Dr. Harper, Robert, Specialist for Diseases of the Hair, 7, Falkner-square, Liverpool.



15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Packed FREE. Carriage PAID.
Direct from Works.

LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS.

Immediately delivered. Big Bargains in Shop
Sole and Second-hand Cycles. Tools
and Accessories at Half Shop Prices. Satisfaction
guaranteed or Money Refunded. Old Cycles Ex-
changed. Write for Monster Size Free List and
Special Offer of Sample Bicycle.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, INCORP.
(Dept. 235a), BIRMINGHAM

Kidney Trouble Anæmia, Nerves

The plain truth tells its own story.

Remarkable cures, when all else failed, by Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dropsy and Heart Pains.

Mr. Bush, 2, Albion-road, Finsbury, says: "There is no doubt Dr. Cassell's Tablets saved my life. My kidneys got out of order, my arms, legs, face, and body began to drop. I was very weak. I was in great pain. Nothing did me good until I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I almost believe they made a new woman of me."



Sleepless and Nervous.

Mrs. Walker, 6, Aldershot Mount, Gledhow-st., Leeds, says: "I got into a weak state, terribly run down and nervous. Food did not agree with me, and I could not sleep. I took a lot of things but they were no use. Then I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets and was soon well again. They also cured my son of a wailing streak again. They also cured my little boy of St. Vitus Dance."



Intens Backache.

Mr. W. H. Blake, 21, Arthur-st., Roath, Cardiff, says: "I had a terrible pain in the back, was awful. I was too weak and ill to work. I was examined by X-rays. Nothing cured me until I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets—after a few doses I passed a stone, and then I gradually got completely well."



Write for full particulars

of any of the above cases.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised home Remedy for
Nervous Breakdown
Nerve Paralysis
Infantile Paralysis
Neurasthenia

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the
Trimesters of Life.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire. Home
Prices, 1s. and 2s., the 2s. size being the more economical.

FREE INFORMATION

as to the suitability
of Dr. Cassell's
Tablets in your
case sent on request. Dr. Cassell's
Co., Ltd., Chester
Road, Manchester,

OPENING OF NEWMARKET SEASON TO-DAY.

Favourites Fare Better at Birmingham—Manchester Surprises.

BRAIDA GARTH AGAIN FAILS.

The holiday meetings at Manchester and Birmingham were wound up yesterday, and to-day racing will take place in the comparative calm of Newmarket. The Craven Meeting is always the least important of the season's gatherings at headquarters, and the fact that The Panther will not be seen out will cause some disappointment.

Mention of the Derby favourite reminds me that Rizzo has been struck out of both the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, so Lord Rosebery is evidently satisfied that the colt had no chance of equaling the performances of his parents. Rizzo was well beaten in the Greenham Stakes at Newbury, and Polygnathos, his conqueror, would hardly be looked upon as a Derby prospect.

Like The Panther, Stefan the Great will not run this week, but we may see the Manton champion, Marindale, who is engaged in several races. His first engagement is the Wood Ditton Stakes to-morrow, but Taylor will probably choose the Severalls Stakes to give him a gallop over five furlongs.

Two-year-olds will play an important part in the to-morrow's card, and the odds will be something to bet among the "dark" division. In the Fitzwilliam Stakes, however, it will take something extra good to beat Lacroce.

BRAIDA GARTH'S DEFEAT.

Favourites did better at Birmingham yesterday than on Easter Monday, but they started none too well when Lesson upset the odds laid on Wrecker in the Tamworth Handicap. Golden Square's successes at Galway and Hurst Park pointed to the chance possessed by Lesson, who won a fine race by a head from the favourite. Braida Garth met with another defeat in the Burton Handicap, but Paragua was the better of another fine finish in the meet. The pair were equally well backed in some on wagering, but, as well as the lad Sole showed up on Braida Garth, he was not a match for Doneglove, whose excellence just turned the scale.

After several unsuccessful attempts this season, Unadorned at length managed to win when he beat the moderate opponents in the Norton Plate. Laco, Ossie, and the rest were beaten, but she was beaten into third place by Phaeton.

With nothing more formidable than Accuracy filly and Naroon to beat Idyl easily landed the long odds laid on her chance in the Southern Plate, and another hot favourite in Sans Atout took the Packington Handicap in the absence of Clipseon.

MANCHESTER CHASING.

At Manchester John Jackett went one better than twelve months ago when he ran second to Stanton in the Jubilee Hurdle. Yesterday he was not so fancied as either Hallybally or St. Ehol, but he gave that pair a nice lesson in jumping, and won easily after making the whole of the running. St. Ehol has had no luck in the big hurdle races this year since he has figured runner-up to St. Tulwal in the Liverpool Hurdle.

Topsy's Baby and Roman both upset better favourites in their respective races, and the Five Hundred "Chase led to further losses for the majority of backers. Saneso, the favourite, was never in the picture, and Parfement brought off a 10 to 1 chance on Turbine Seven, and curiously enough, he was beaten.

Chicago is as disappointing over hurdles as he is on the flat. He was again number two in the City Hurdle, in which The Wisp beat him by a length and a half.

For the first stage of the Newmarket Meeting my selections are appended:—

1.30—OFLYER 3.30—WILTON, if absent.
2.30—TURCO 4.00—WIGHT NEWTON.
3.0—PERION 4.30—TRIVET.
DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.
BAROCCO and LACROSSE.

BOUVERIE.

YESTERDAY'S RACING RETURNS.

EIRMINGHAM.

2.00—TAMWORTH PLATE—1. LEESEN (9-2, W. Balding); 2. WEEKEE (10-1, Wheadley); 3. WILFRITH (9-1, Colling); 4. Also ran: Lively (4-1), Thrill (20-1) and Longman (10-1). Total 100.

2.50—NORTON PLATE—1. UNADORNED (16-4, Wing); 2. PHALONIC (4-1, T. Leader); 3. LADY CHIS (2-1, Leader); 4. Also ran: Fenella (5-1) and Decline (20-1). Four others: Hulme (10-1), etc.

3.00—BURTON HUP—1. TOPSY (3-1, Doneghy); 2. BRAIDA GARTH (2-1, Sole); 3. GADTUNA (10-1, Alcock); 4. Also ran: Dianthus (10-1), Nellie (20-1), Magic Prince, Home Fire and Old Chang (20-1). Total 100.

4.30—SUTTON PLATE—1.50—IDL (1-5, V. Smyth); NAROON (10-1, Fox); 2; ACCURACY (6-1, Pucy); 3. Topsy (10-1, Doneghy); 4. Also ran: Laco (10-1).

4.30—ACKINGHAM PLATE—6.50—SANS ATOUT (9-2, Cooper); 1; IRISH FAIR (5-1, Allsopp); 2; MARL (9-2, Taylor); 3. Also ran: Elvera, Zee and Sensee (10-1). Total 100.

4.30—RUGELAY PLATE—1.00—LAMA OF TIBET (6-1, Cooper); 1; DINAH MORRIS (5-2, Fox); 2; GALI-OLAN (2-1, Cooper); 3. Also ran: Zephyrus (Lochmore and Franklin (20-1). Half; neck, Hildene.

MANCHESTER.

2.00—CROWMEW HURDLE—2m.—TOPSY'S BABY (4-1, Doneghy); CHICKENLAW (4-6, Piggott); 2; CHANNY TUNNEL (20-1, Robert); 3. Also ran: Royal Signal (7-2); Six, three (Payne).

2.30—TIEFEN CHASE—2m.—HONAN (2-1, Heaney); 2. LADY CHIS (2-1, Leader); 3. Also ran: W. Payne (5-1). Also ran: Pride of Holderness (33-1). Total 100.

3.00—JUBILEE HURDLE—2m.—JOHN JACKETT (2-1, J. Breke); 1. ST. ELOI (7-2, G. Deller); 2; STAINSTON (2-1, Piggott); 3. Also ran: Ballyhally (6-4), Aynsley (9-1), W. Payne (10-1) and Conisseur (100-6). Three bad.

3.30—FIVE HUNDRED CHASE—3m.—TURBINE SECUNDUS (10-1, Parfement); 1; LOCH ALLEN (11-4,



WON HIS WAGER.—Mr. Fred Hawkins, aged forty-six, of Camden Town, completing his seven-mile walk. He was challenged to do this within a given time, and the conditions of the bet involved the carrying of a 60lb. sack of sand on his head.

Piggott); 2; BERNSTEIN (6-1, J. Kelly); 3. Also ran: Two, four (Hartigan).

1. CHICAGO (11-10, F. Young); 2. DORNOCH (10-1, T. Hulme); 3. Also ran: Sherstan and Vale of Reay (7-1). 4.30—SWINTON SUCHE (2-1, Morgan); 2; SQUARE UP (10-1, Walsh); 3. 10, bad. (Newby.)

NEWMARKET PROGRAMME.

1.30—WELTER LONG COURSE S. PLATE, 200 yds; 1m.

Rock Ah (Mr. T. Scott); 1. Leader (Mr. F. Hartigan); 2. Private (Mr. E. Naunton).

2.00—VISITORS' HANDICAP, 200 yds; 1m.

Striding Sir (Sir G. Noyle); 1. Leader (Mr. F. Hartigan); 2. Private (Mr. F. T. Bush).

MISSING LADY (Mr. F. Hartigan); 1. Leader (Mr. F. Hartigan); 2. Private (Mr. F. T. Bush).

2.00—VISITORS' HANDICAP, 200 yds; 1m.

Cyclist (Sir G. Noyle); 1. Leader (Mr. F. Hartigan); 2. Private (Mr. F. T. Bush).

Gipsy Lad (Sir G. Noyle); 1. Leader (Mr. F. Hartigan); 2. Private (Mr. F. T. Bush).

Catzeader (Lord Anglesey); 1. Leader (Mr. F. Hartigan); 2. Private (Mr. F. T. Bush).

Chickens (Sir G. Noyle); 1. Leader (Mr. F. Hartigan); 2. Private (Mr. F. T. Bush).

Old Bill (Lieutenant Bushy Bird); 1. Leader (Mr. F. Hartigan); 2. Private (Mr. F. T. Bush).

Auramana (Major L. H. Day); 1. Leader (Mr. F. Hartigan); 2. Private (Mr. F. T. Bush).

Staunce Rock (Mr. J. Hartigan); 1. Leader (Mr. F. Hartigan); 2. Private (Mr. F. T. Bush).

ABOVE ARRIVED.

Dawn o' Peace (Mr. F. Hartigan); 1. Leader (Mr. F. Hartigan); 2. Private (Mr. F. T. Bush).

2.00—SILEY TYO PLATE, 200 yds; 1m.

Two Springs (Sir G. Noyle); 1. Leader (Mr. F. Hartigan); 2. Private (Mr. F. T. Bush).

Cumbriand ... 2.00—SILEY TYO PLATE, 200 yds; 1m.

Longstop ... 2.00—SILEY TYO PLATE, 200 yds; 1m.

Wing of a Swan ... 2.00—SILEY TYO PLATE, 200 yds; 1m.

Conder ... 2.00—SILEY TYO PLATE, 200 yds; 1m.

Linton ... 2.00—SILEY TYO PLATE, 200 yds; 1m.

Courtfield ... 2.00—SILEY TYO PLATE, 200 yds; 1m.

Lovely Nightie (Gillip); 2.00—SILEY TYO PLATE, 200 yds; 1m.

Lady Admira (Sister); 2.00—SILEY TYO PLATE, 200 yds; 1m.

Sister (Sister); 2.00—SILEY TYO PLATE, 200 yds; 1m.

Golden Gain (J. Hartigan); 2.00—SILEY TYO PLATE, 200 yds; 1m.

Beatty (J. Hartigan); 2.00—SILEY TYO PLATE, 200 yds; 1m.

At Prestwick St. Nicholas an excellent type

of the democratic club with a membership

drawn from many walks in life, the master has

aroused intense feeling, and a special meeting

had to be called to discuss it.

Before the war such a step would have been

deemed too desperate for even the most revolution

ary Scotsman with a faith in the propriety

of Sunday play.

There were two heated arguments. The captain

of the club, Mr. James Ferguson, considered that a plebiscite

of the 650 members should be taken, but

the 200 who were present resolved to settle the

question on the spot. The proposal—"that the

clubhouse and links be open from noon until

sunset on Sundays"—was defeated by twenty

three votes.

There were eighty-eight against it and sixty-

four in favour. The result is not known

what to think. Thus the old order remains, but it is a rather remarkable development to

find opinion on such a subject more or less

evenly divided at a Scotch club.

Truth to tell, one has discovered in the past

a certain proportion of secret golfers in Scotland on the Sabbath. Turnby, in Ayrshire,

has permitted it for years.

He gave a letter on the subject from a senior

gentleman of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders.

"Jerry" didn't stop because it was the Sabbath," he says. "As a hard fighting infantryman I can tell you that we hardly had

time to think what month—let alone what day

—it was, and it is very trying on coming back

to find the old rule in force. 'No Sunday play.'

"It is all right for people who have plenty

of time for golf in mid-week, but it is hard on

those to whom Sunday is the only really free

day."

The same question is arising at English clubs

which hitherto have forbidden Sunday golf.

This Royal Ascot have asked for permission to

open their course on the Sabbath, and the local

parish council, to whom the application was

referred by Viscount Churchill, have received

the request with approval. R. E. HOWARD.

SUNDAY GOLF.

Clubs Divided Among Themselves on Question of Opening Links.

PRESTWICK SAYS NO.

One effect of the return of golfers from active service has been a reconsideration of the question as to whether courses hitherto closed on Sundays should be opened for play on the Sabbath. Even has the subject arisen in acute form in Scotland, where, in the past, few people have so much as dared to suggest that it might be considered.

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COMING BOXING BOUTS.

Considerable interest is being taken in the meeting of Arthur Towney, of Birkenhead, and Harry Carson, of Derby, at the Holborn Stadium to-morrow.

Towney has beaten Dick Smith, the light-heavyweight champion, but has lost to Frank Gaddard in nine rounds. Still, in that match he was giving a lot of trouble.

Towney, who is training at Wembley, is very

fit and fast. He will have a big advantage over Carson in both height and reach, but the squarely

right-hander will be a factor.

Another attraction for Londoners is the meeting of Johnny Sheppard, of Bow, and Joe Starmer, of Kettering, at the Ring on the same evening. Many people thought that Sheppard was unlucky in losing his last bout, but the Ring and the National Sporting Club remain resolute. Since then Sheppard has beaten Dick Hulson, of Plymouh.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACQUETS.

The first public schools racquets championship since 1914 commenced at Queen's Club yesterday. First round results—

Worcester beat Haileybury (15-0, 15-5, 15-2).

Eton beat Clifton (15-7, 15-9, 15-10, 15-6).

Marlborough beat Wellington (15-2, 15-6, 15-8).

Harrow beat Charterhouse (17-15, 15-6, 15-10).

Malvern beat Cheltenham (15-2, 15-0, 15-3, 15-2).

Braxton beat Pickering (15-3, 15-9, 15-7).

Braxton beat Poole (15-3, 15-6, 15-7).

Braxton beat Luton (15-3, 15-6, 15-7).

Brax

Daily Mirror

Wednesday, April 23, 1919.

TWO BRIDES-TO-BE.



Miss Guillermo Luggin, of Edith Grove, S.W., who is engaged to Mr. Edward Hudson, of Lindisfarne Castle, Northumberland.



Miss Noel Worrall, of Oxton, Cheshire, who is engaged to Mr. Hugh Kynaston Briscoe, I.C.S., youngest son of Sir John Briscoe, Bart.



WELL AND TRULY LAID.—Sir William Treloar laying the foundation-stone of the Hayling Island branch of the Alton Home for Crippled Children.

SHIPPING A PASSENGER: A SCENE IN MID-OCEAN.



A North Sea airship comes down to the surface of the water to pick up a flag officer. One of the photographs at the R.A.F. exhibition at the Grafton Galleries.



Ellen, youngest daughter, now deceased. Three years' service in France with the Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.



Elizabeth, T.F.N.S., second daughter, Sister at a Leeds hospital. Also served in East Africa.



Julia, the eldest daughter, who held the post of matron at the City Hospital, Hull.

FOR SERVICES.—The three daughters of Mr. Thomas Newton Armstrong, of Shettlestone, who were awarded the R.R.C.



MAKING MUZZLES.—A demobilised soldier helping to make the wire-muzzles which the regulations insist on. The various firms have been flooded with orders, as all dogs must wear them from to-day.



VICTORY PARADE AT EXMOUTH.—Lord Clinton inspecting members of the local branch of the Discharged Soldiers' and Sailors' Federation. He afterwards presented a number of medals to the men.